

THE ENTERPRISE

E. E. CUNNINGHAM,
Editor and Proprietor.

Bernhardt is getting fat. She now casts a shadow.

Beware of the bed-ridden gentleman who is willing to sell his mining stock at a sacrifice.

King Christian of Denmark is 84 years old, and has reasonable hopes of being able to die a natural death.

Prof. Starr makes a serious charge against our barbarian ancestors when he says they introduced the swallow-tail coat.

A shocking case of cruelty is reported from New Jersey. A resident of the State deserted his wife, leaving her an original poem.

The city of Tokio has 800 public baths. Japanese cities compare favorably with the more enlightened ones on this side of the ocean.

A woman's head is to adorn one of the new issues of postage stamps. It is to be presumed that this will exert a good influence on the mails.

The Louisville health officer who announced a few weeks ago that Limburger cheese was dangerous is now endeavoring to prove that the wieners-wurst is a deadly thing. He must be a Frenchman.

The publishers of the Gentlemen's Home Journal take especial pride in announcing that Miss Stone has not been engaged to write for it, and that under no circumstances will anything from the pen of that lady be admitted to its columns.

Professor Loeb states that "Enzymes (which seem to be the controlling germs or forces of life), which do not nominally exist in the human frame, can actually be created." And then he adds: "Enzyme is a term we use to cover up our temporary ignorance." Thus is the mind again allowed to drop off an eight-story building.

A number of cases of relics, toys, musical instruments, models of houses and facial masks were recently delivered to the American Museum of Natural History in Washington. They were collected by the Jesup expedition in northeastern Siberia. Among the boxes was one which contained several dozen phonograph cylinders on which the natives had been induced to record their speech and songs. That is certainly exploration up to date.

The appropriateness of Indian corn as a national emblem is urged by members of various women's clubs who think that the country should have a botanical symbol, so that Uncle Sam may wear a posy in his bonnet and attract attention in the tournaments of the world, as the first Plantagenet did with his sprig of broom. But if corn should be selected it would be necessary to decide what kind. We certainly should not want it to be popcorn, which goes off with a bang when heated. Some quieter and more dignified grade would be more suitable.

Working one's way through college is to be commended; yet it is possible that some persons desiring to appear as "self-made" do an injustice to the parental aid which was actually theirs. The new Secretary of the Navy, Mr. Moody, whose parents were known to be New England farmers of slender means, was recently asked if he had "worked his way through college." "No," was the prompt reply. "My parents sent me to school and through college, decently and in order." How gratifying to the father, who at the age of 81, watches his son's career with interest, must be such an acknowledgment!

Instead of buying outright the acres over which famous battles have been fought, the government is adopting the policy of arranging with the landowners, on payment of a small rental, to keep things exactly as they were on the day which made the spot famous. The woods are to cover the same area, the plowed lands, orchards and fields to correspond, and as far as possible buildings to retain their relative positions. This preserves the naturalness of the scene much more than would its conversion into a great park, and the cost to the government is much less. Many an aged man grieves that the scenes of his youth, with their days of abounding pleasure, cannot be preserved against the changes of time and the so-called march of improvement.

No broad-minded observer will overlook the significance of the interest with which the people of German birth or descent regarded the recent visit of Prince Henry. They have made their home here, yet they still look back with fondness to the fatherland. The sentiment is altogether admirable and praiseworthy. It assumes an objectionable form only when the foreign-born citizens become clannish, when they set themselves in groups apart from the general body of the people among whom they live, and transfer the politics of the old country to the new. The love for the land of their nativity which persists in the breasts of the foreign-born does not differ from the sentiment that has made successful the reunions in various parts of the country in Old Home Week. Migration from Massachusetts to Montana differs only in degree from migration from Italy to Illinois, and the emigrant

from Russia to the United States has done on a large scale what appeared in a small way to the man who moved from New Hampshire to North Dakota. We should despise the New Englander who should put behind him the tender memories of his boyhood home when he removed to the West. Therefore we cannot blame, but we ought to applaud, the European who has a warm place in his heart for the country of his birth, the customs of his youth, and the people who speak his native language. He is all the better for cherishing such sentiments, and as those sentiments do not exclude true loyalty to the country of his adoption, he may be, and if his love for the old home is of the right quality, he is, among the best of our citizens.

It is stated by Dr. Alfred Hillier in an article in The Fortnightly Review that the deaths from consumption throughout Europe are estimated at more than a million annually. In England and Wales alone more than 60,000 people die of the disease every year, and this annual mortality exceeds by 10,000 all the ravages of the "Black Death" during the time of the Great Plague which is so terribly celebrated in English history. Tuberculosis is in fact the Plague of to-day, and the doctor speaks of it as a "classic" disease along with the leprosy of the middle ages and the smallpox of the time before Jenner. It is thus ranked as one of three great scourges of the race, but the very classification is a source of encouragement. Leprosy has practically disappeared from Europe owing to improved conditions of living and the incidental assistance rendered by the isolated leper houses. Smallpox, most contagious of diseases, has become but the shadow of its former self owing to vaccination. "Were vaccination and revaccination practiced with the persistence and regularity which nearly a century's experience has shown to be desirable, it is probable that it would be practically extinguished." So, too, tuberculosis may yield to sanitation and other branches of medical science, and the method of prevention is exceedingly simple. Taking the figure of seed, soil and plant to represent the disease germ, mankind and the disease, the writer differentiates as follows: "In leprosy, the mere sowing of the seed, the exposure to contagion, has rarely any result except under most favorable conditions of soil. In tuberculosis the exposure to infection is usually but by no means so certainly as in the case of leprosy, without result except where predisposing conditions exist, that is in favorable conditions of soil. In smallpox almost any unprotected, unvaccinated person exposed to infection runs the greatest risk of contracting the disease." Like leprosy tuberculosis has been affected by the improved conditions of life, the British death rate having declined from 3,800 in the million in 1838 to 1,305 in 1890, but though the soil is more resistant the seed is found everywhere, and prevention can be secured only through its control. That means the control of the expectation of infected persons which contain the tubercle bacilli, and though the task seems a large one the co-operation of the patients and the public would make it easy. The patients themselves might solve the difficulty by regulating expectorations, and their ignorance and carelessness might be corrected by notification of the disease to the health authorities, which is made compulsory in Norway. With a public educated to the necessities of the case and proper treatment of patients in Sanatoria Dr. Hillier thinks that not only the prevention but the absolute suppression of tuberculosis would be possible.

MANY SPIES OF THE SULTAN.

Turkey Growing Demoralized Under the Present Vicious System.

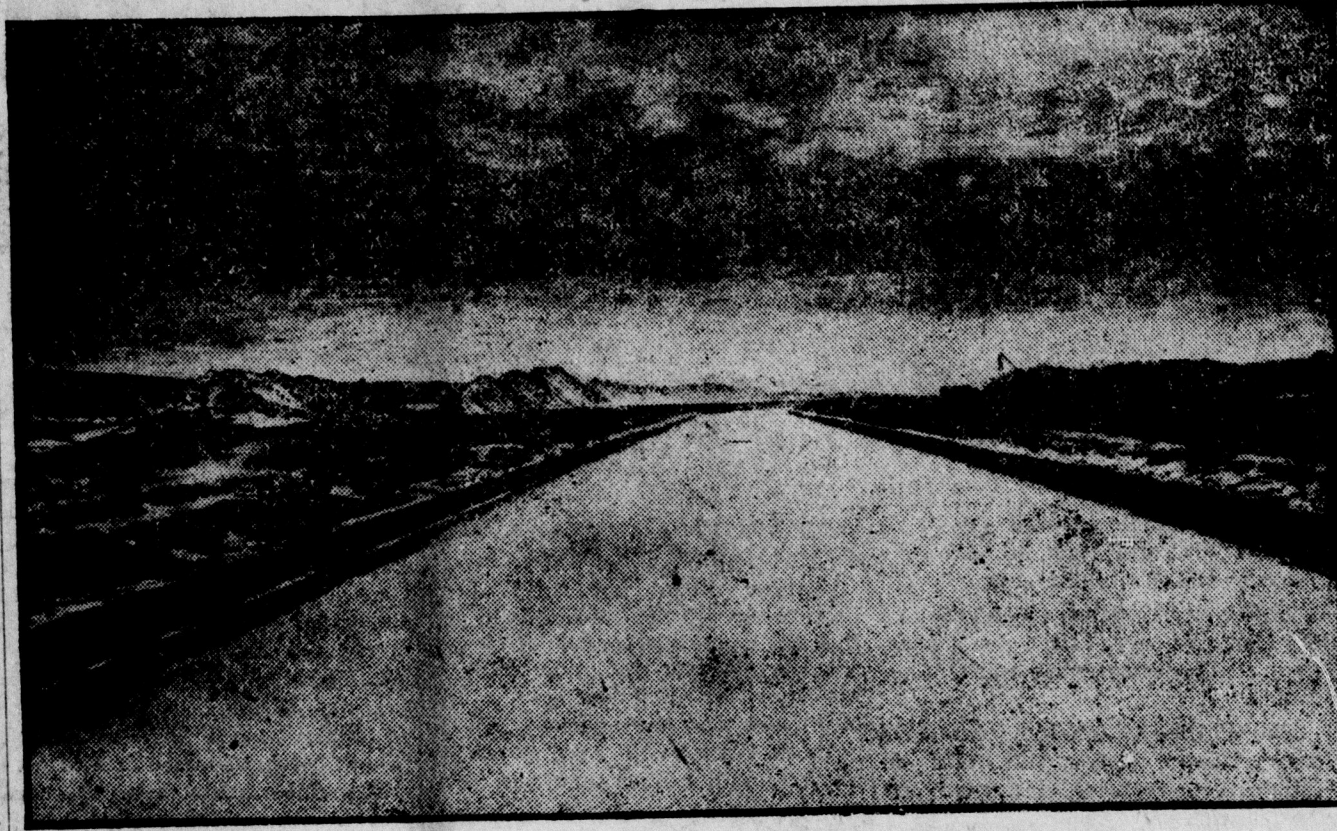
In no country and at no time of the world's history has the spy system been developed to the point it has attained in Turkey to-day. It is a most elaborate organization and costs an immense amount of money. There are spies and counter-spies, and counter-counter-spies to the fourth or fifth degree. Their number is legion, and they are to be found in all classes of society, from the highest to the lowest. Besides the minister of police, almost every high dignitary has his own service of spies, says the London Chronicle.

These are all rival organizations, and spend most of their time in spying and denouncing each other. All prominent persons are closely watched, and followed even while shopping, and should they meet another person of note and exchange a few words, the fact is carefully noted. Turks no longer dare assemble in parties of five or six for the purpose of spending their evenings together. It is impossible for three or four of them to sit down at a table in a coffee house without having a spy at the next. On such occasions they always speak very loud, so that everybody may hear them. Should a European converse with a Turk in the street, a spy will follow them and try to find out what they are saying. The result of all this is that the Turks avoid one another's company as much as possible, and whenever they do come together the conversation is on the most futile subjects, and quite childish. The Turkish nation is growing more and more demoralized under the present system.

Protecting Bridge Draws.

To prevent trolley cars and trains from running through open draw-bridges a rod is placed close to one rail and ends in a lever at the outer end, which is displaced by the bridge as it swings open, drawing the rod toward the opening and throwing one of the rails in connection with a switch to turn the car off the track.

WORLD'S GREATEST ARTIFICIAL CANAL.



CANAL AS SEEN AT WILLOW SPRINGS—LOOKING WEST.

THE Sanitary and Ship Canal of Chicago is probably the most remarkable artificial waterway ever built in the history of the world. Its total length, including the improved portion of the Chicago River, is thirty-four miles. It has the greatest width of any canal on earth, having a cross section of 202 feet at the bottom and 306 feet at the top. The ultimate object is to afford a water way for the largest ocean-going vessels from Lake Michigan to the Gulf of Mexico.

The work is yet being carried on unceasingly, the widening of the Chicago River being now in progress. Residents of Chicago have already spent \$37,378,840 in the construction of the canal. They must spend nearly \$10,000,000 more before their part of the work is done. Then it will cost \$25,000,000 additional to complete the work necessary to the proposed shipway. This latter expense, however, it is expected, will be borne by the Federal Government, and the entire canal will become Government property.

Thus the total cost when the work at present contemplated is finished will have amounted to more than \$82,000,000. The Panama Canal is offered to the United States for \$40,000,000, or less than half the total cost of the Sanitary and Ship Canal. Had this canal been built under conditions that prevail in Central America its cost would prob-

ably have been doubled. The expense is said to have been the minimum for the amount of work accomplished. Former Senator Warner Miller of New York said: "The use of the im-

proved excavating machinery on the Isthmian canal would reduce the cost of construction from 30 to 40 per cent."

The machinery, remarkable for handiness and speed, constructed especially



LOOKING DOWN THE DESPLAINES VALLEY FROM THE REAR OF THE CONTROLLING WORKS.

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THE BEAR TRAP DAM AT LOCKPORT.

PALESTINE WAKING UP.

Many Signs of Progress Due to German Enterprise.

According to United States Consular Agent Harris at Elbenstock, Palestine has shown unmistakable signs of progress during the last decade, much of which is to be attributed to German enterprise.

"German colonists, merchants and horticulturists," says Mr. Harris, "are awakening that part of the Levant from a lethargy of a thousand years. Three years ago a German bank was established in Jerusalem, with a branch in Yafa, which exchanged \$15,000,000 in 1901. The waters of the Dead Sea, where no rudder had been seen for centuries, are now being plied by German motor boats. A direct line of communication has thus been opened up between Jerusalem and Kerak, the ancient capital of the land of Moab, which still commands the caravan routes leading across the Arabian desert.

"There is no doubt that German enterprise will also exploit the phosphate fields situated on both sides of the Jordan, when transportation facilities shall have been sufficiently developed to insure success to the undertaking.

"For many years Germany has been looking to Asia Minor and other countries adjacent to Palestine as suitable territories in which to develop German markets. The Bagdad railroad, which will lead through Anatolia, intersecting the headwaters of the Tigris and Euphrates, to the shores of the Persian Gulf, is an enterprise of vast importance, not only to Germany, as the promoter, and the Turkish empire, but to the world at large. It is the greatest commercial and civilizing factor that could be introduced into this region, and will tap the rich territories which composed ancient Mesopotamia. Apart from new avenues of commerce a land will be opened up to students and tour-

ists which, owing to expense and unsafe methods of travel, has thus far been practically inaccessible.

"The great plain of the Hauran—the granary of Syria—forms the 'hinterland,' or back country, of Palestine. The railroad from Beirut to Damascus is said to be in financial difficulties. Twelve months ago the German consul at Damascus, in a report to his government, advised his countrymen to buy not only this railroad but the unfinished Haifa-Damascus railroad as well. Were Germany to acquire these lines and connect them with a railroad running from Damascus to some point on the projected Bagdad route she would be in a position to practically monopolize the trade of Palestine and Asia Minor.

"The commerce of Palestine to-day is not unimportant," said Mr. Harris, according to the Washington Star. "The products of the country are wheat, barley, oranges, oil, wine, nuts, figs, apples, peaches, pears, pomegranates, apricots, citrons, almonds, cucumbers, lettuce, onions, wild artichokes and asparagus, truffles, tobacco, sesame and silk, while potatoes and other European and American vegetables are being introduced by German and French colonists."

HAVE A TREE DOCTOR.

Several Cities Add a Dendrologist to Their Official Corps.

Doctor of trees is the latest official addition to the municipal corps of large cities. Boston has engaged a tree doctor to feel the pulses of the elms on Boston common; Chicago has a consultant to help Jackson Park recover from its attack of World's Fair; New York added one to its official roster when the rapid transit subway was likely to interfere with the boulevard trees, and Brooklyn is considering the advisability of offering a permanent position to a "tree doctor" competent

to look after the health of the trees in Prospect Park.

Most of the interest in city trees is directly due to the growing fashion for country houses and estates. City men have learned to recognize good trees when they see them and to observe them closely enough to detect promptly any sign of approaching decay. Landscape architects, who used to be scarce, are now plentiful and able, and they have succeeded in educating such a considerable proportion of the general public that complaint is soon made if the trees of a city show symptoms of municipal neglect or ill-treatment. Indeed, since the days of Secretary of Agriculture Morton, who established "Arbor day," there has been a regular campaign of education in favor of city trees. The direct effect of this work has been the creation of the "tree doctor."

The "tree doctor" is not necessarily a practical landscape architect, or gardener, says the Brooklyn Eagle, though he very often stands high in that profession. More than one of the really successful men in this new occupation actually knew very little about trees until a few years ago. Many of them were amateurs who became interested in the subject and took it up as an amusement. At that time there were few facilities for the acquisition of tree knowledge, but in recent years it has not been hard for intending doctors of trees to gather knowledge of the best methods of arboriculture.

Sunday Services at St. Paul's.
In all 10,000 people attend the services in St. Paul's Cathedral, London, every Sunday, the morning and afternoon services each attracting about 2,500 worshippers and the evening service 5,000.

When a man doesn't treat his wife right, every woman in the neighborhood expresses the wish that she could be in her place for just five minutes.

"THE HORSE"—A COMPOSITION.

Written by a Candidate for the High School.

"The horse is a noble animal. He is the smartest animal of any animal on earth. The horse is a very pretty animal and he is more beautiful than a cow. I like a cow, but I like a horse better, because he is more gentle and you can ride him anywhere you have to go. The horse is also a very careful beast, because he is the only animal that wears shoes. The cow does not wear shoes, the dog does not wear shoes, the camel does not wear anything on his feet, and the horse is the only beast that does not go barefooted. The horse's shoes are different from the shoes of a person, because he does not take them off when he goes into the house.

"The horse cannot talk like a person, but he can come nearer to talking than a giraffe, because the giraffe's neck is so long that his voice gets stuck on its way to his mouth.

"There are many kinds of horses. There is the white horse, the black horse, the gray horse, the brown horse, the race horse, the clothes horse, the wood horse, the hobby horse, the night horse, and there are many relations of the horse, such as the horse pistol, the Colt's revolver, the nightmare, the horseless carriage, and the horse radish.

"The horse is different from a person, because he has four feet and he can walk on all four feet at the same time. The horse has four sides, a near side, an offside, a topside and a bottom side.

"I like horses very much. I have a horse, and he is very pretty. I ride him every day, and when I get bigger I am going to have some more horses."—Washington Times.

CIRCUMSTANCES ALTER CASES.

Hiram Proved He Had a Sure Source of Wealth.

"You talk very well, and you're not bad looking," said Mr. Fewscads, the village banker, to Hiram Clover, an honest young farmer, "but you ought to know that I cannot countenance your attentions to my daughter."

"But, sir—" began Hiram.
"I don't think that I care to argue the matter, Mr. Clover," the banker cut in. "I know you are about to say that Mabel loves you and that you can make a nice home for her and all that; but I think you're mistaken. Any passing fancy she may have for you will be gone soon. All girls have to go through three or four sieges of that sort before their affections are fixed on the man they ought to marry."

"And yet, sir—" began Hiram.
"Don't trouble to say anything, Mr. Clover. I would spare you all unnecessary pain. But the fact is, my daughter would not be satisfied with life on a farm. And besides, pardon me for mentioning it, but you cannot support her in the style to which she has been accustomed. Mabel has had every advantage. I have reared her in the lap of luxury, I may say, and I cannot think of her entering upon a life in which she might miss the comforts with which I have always surrounded her."

The young man smiled a peculiar and masterful smile, says the Detroit Free Press, as he broke in:

"Do you happen to know, sir, that I have a flock of fifty hens, and that every hen is laying one egg a day, sir, and do you know what fresh eggs are fetching in the market at the present time?"
"Is that true?" asked the banker, pale with emotion.

"It is."

"Take Mabel and be happy."

Superstitions of Royalty.

A few years ago, says London Answers, King Carlos of Portugal paid a lengthy visit to England, and one day he had to speak to a gathering of eminent people at a reception in the West End. The day happened to be a Friday, and his majesty was upset to the point of annoyance. In this nervous condition he chanced to kick over a flower pot, which fell on the head of a peer who was sitting below the platform. King Carlos apologized profusely, and remarked that, had the day been Saturday, he was sure the accident would not have happened. Seeing, however, that he had not hurt the peer, he humorously remarked:

"I have been a sportsman all my life, and bagged much big game; but this is the first time I ever potted the head of a British peer."

It is said that on one occasion the Princess of Wales broke a valuable looking glass. Next day she seemed terribly upset, and came with a fearful story to her royal husband.

"Oh, I'm so miserable! Yesterday I broke a looking glass, and to-day one of my poor cats is dead!"

The prince is not particularly fond of cats, and on the following day sent for her highness.

"Any more cats dead this morning?"

"No," replied the princess, horrified.

"Why do you ask?"

"Because I went and broke four looking glasses yesterday," replied his royal highness, laughing.

His Only Chance.

"Henry!" said Mrs. Enpeck in a tone of voice that was meant to command attention.

"Yes, my dear," meekly answered Henry.

"I'm actually ashamed of you," said the strenuous half of the aggregation. "Are you aware that you deliberately yawned while Mrs. Neighbor was here this evening?"

"Of course I am, my dear," replied the unhappy man. "You certainly didn't expect me to sit all evening without opening my mouth, did you?"—Chicago News.

Women, like peaches, are sweetest just before they decay.

HER LITTLE FELLOW YET.

What funny creatures mothers are!
I sometimes laugh to see—
For all my bigness and my age—
How mine looks after me.
She wants to warm me when I'm cold,
To dry me when I'm wet;
I do believe she thinks me just
A little fellow yet!

I'm not a schoolboy any more,
With satchel at my back;
It won't be many years before
I don the satchel.
I'm going to join the volunteers—
My father was a "vet."—
And surely then I will not be
A little fellow yet!

Ah, well! the mother's good as gold,
And kind as kind can be;
There's no one else in all the world
That's half so kind to me.
So let her think it if she will,
When I, too, am a "vet."—
It may be I will wish I were
Her little fellow yet!
—Christian Work.

A Blue Umbrella.

COLONEL, why did you never marry?" If a cyclone had struck the sharp featured man who sat with his feet elevated upon the iron railing of the veranda it could not have caused him to start up more quickly. He snipped the ashes from his cigar, paced to the farther end of the veranda, and returning to the questioner's side, he said:

"Harry, what made you ask me that question?"

The young man, upon whose shoulder the other's hand rested lightly, lifted his eyes. Evidently the Colonel was deeply moved.

"Why, all men marry; that is, men of means or—anyhow, they should marry."

"But you have not married."

"And for a good reason; I am not able."

"But you could support a very comfortable household if you were not—well, what you are," said the Colonel, as he moved away.

"Ah! Hold on, Colonel; do not leave me in that—he's gone!"

The other, paying no attention to his words, went down the broad steps and walked slowly away in the moonlight.

"I know what he means; he might just as well have told me in so many words—spendthrift! Hang it all! I know very well that I am careless about finances and all that sort of thing. If I had been forced to work early I'd know the value of dollars and be a very different sort of chap now. Ah, well! Life is too short to fret over mistakes gone and done for. Edith Lisle is a—here she comes now."

Was it the tap-tap of tiny feet or the frou-frou of snowy skirts that made Harry Lancaster's heart throb tumultuously? It was both—and the fact that the woman he loved more than all others was nearing him. Rising, he tossed his cigar away, lifted his hat, and offered the charming creature in white a chair.

"Do not disturb yourself, Mr. Lancaster; I merely came for a brief walk up and down the veranda. Isn't it a lovely evening?"

There was a witchery in the tones of that low, sweet voice. Harry's heart pumped away more vigorously than ever. If the veranda roof hadn't been eave-fringed with ivy the moonlight would have disclosed the hot flush that mantled the young man's face.

"It is indeed a delightful evening. If you will not rest here for a few moments will you permit me to offer you my arm for the stroll?"

She laid her dainty hand upon his arm and the pair strolled slowly to the farther end of the veranda; they turned to retrace their steps when Edith said:

"Was not that a firefly? Over there among the bushes to the left? See, there it is again, and such a glowing one, too! There, it has disappeared."

"It may be a firefly, but it is my opinion that Colonel Drake of the regulars is smoking a cigar out there among the shadows," said Harry.

"Is that charming old bear here?" she suddenly asked, allowing her hand to slip from the other's arm.

"He came this afternoon."

"And as I was not down to tea I did not meet him."

"You seem to be acquainted with the Colonel, Miss Lisle."

"Fairly, but really I ought not to have spoken so shockingly about a fine gentleman. He is quite engaging, but I detest that absurd idea about his strange umbrella."

"Umbrella? What umbrella, may I ask?" inquired Harry, puzzled at her remark.

"Why, have you never heard about the Colonel's umbrella?"

"Never."

"Colonel Drake possesses a blue, old-fashioned umbrella which is supposed to be a very potent love charm or something like that. Plainly, so it is told, when he invites a lady to share his shelter against the rain her heart is won forthwith. Strange, is it not?"

"Absurd! Have you ever—"

"No, not yet."

"I should not like you to accept its shelter ever—though I do not believe in such silliness," softly said Harry.

If she understood his meaning she was coy of acknowledgment, for, lifting her hand to his arm again, the pair resumed the stroll just in time to meet the Colonel as he ascended the steps. The Colonel lifted his hat and passed indoors, while Harry and Edith strolled and chatted the hours away.

The next morning Harry Lancaster's

heart sank when he looked from the window and saw the leaden clouds scurrying along the darkened sky.

"Rain! And I was to take her for a drive! Well, I suppose I must make the best of it and while away the time in the parlors," muttered he, as he performed his toilet.

When he entered the dining room he saw that Miss Lisle's chair was vacant. Ah! the Colonel's chair, too, was vacant. Over his coffee Harry made the resolve to make a break before night. He would ask her for that dainty white hand. He felt in his heart of hearts that she did not dislike him. On the contrary, as he recalled the pleasant past there was more than mere friendliness in the depth of her beautiful blue eyes last night as they strolled along the veranda.

After breakfast he went to the smoking room and seated himself near a window overlooking the white stretch of sand, the curling waves, and the foam-capped billows beyond.

Ah! A couple approached from the beach. The gentleman carried a blue umbrella! As the pair drew near Harry's heart beat wilder and wilder.

It was the Colonel's blue umbrella; it was the Colonel, but—who was the lady?

"Miss Lisle, by heavens! Pshaw! I'm a fool to think there is anything strange about this. What do I care about that blue umbrella, and its potent love charm? But I wish it had not been Edith," mused Harry; and tossing away his cigar he went out upon the veranda just in time to raise his hat and say "Good morning," to Edith, who tripped by him.

The Colonel closed that quaint umbrella with a click as of satisfaction as he passed Harry with a polite bow and a "Good morning."

Two hours afterward Edith Lisle blushed as Harry Lancaster asked her a question. She recovered quickly and said softly:

"Mr. Lancaster, the potency of the blue umbrella is not a fiction. He is a charming gentleman, and I always did like soldiers. I—I thank you, and well—I simply said yes under the blue umbrella; and I hope we shall remain friends."—Waverly Magazine.

MAMMOTH PIGEON RANCH.

Eight Frame Sheds Used to House Ten Thousand of Them.

Situated at the sharp angle where the Arroyo Seco, or dry ditch (a ravine that extends from Los Angeles to the Sierra Madre mountains, some fourteen miles away), and the Los Angeles river (at this point eighteen miles from the sea) meet, is one of the most curious exhibits of pigeon life ever presented to the eye.

Here ten thousand pigeons, mostly light in color, are found perched upon the roofs of eight frame sheds. The walls of these sheds are composed of hundreds of empty gasoline cans with one of the ends taken out and wooden boards with apertures large enough for pigeons substituted, and thousands of wooden fruit boxes furnished with square openings. The ground is generally covered with pigeons until a stranger arrives, when there is a great whirling noise, the air is full of wings and thousands of pigeons return to their brethren on the roofs of the sheds.

This institution belongs to one of Los Angeles' enterprising citizens, and forms a great attraction to visitors from all the country round, as well as to numerous colored thieves, who make a continual practice of robbing this vast aggregation of pigeon roosts. Two large dogs properly qualified to bark and bite are located at each end of the grounds, about 200 feet from each other. These are secured safely by long chains to spikes in the ground.

But these, fierce as they are, do not represent the entire force for the defense from thieves of the 10,000 pigeons, two young dogs, trained to bark and not to bite, are on duty also all the time; these are more sleepless and it is the uproar they make upon which the owner so much depends for the discovery of the colored thieves. Disease and rats take away a great many of this multitudinous bird population; daily some young pigeons will be found on the ground dead, having gone too far from the family nest.—Pearson's Magazine.

New Way to Make Writers.

"Dis boy," explained the old colored farmer, "wants to be a writer—lak dem what writes de 'Politick Progress,' en de 'Robinson Crows.'"

The black pickaninny stood in the corner, fumbling with his frayed hat-brim.

"Well, what evidence has he given of it? Has he ever written anything?"

"No, suh; he can't write he name. Dat's what I foter 'im up hear ferter make a writer er 'im! He 'lows mebbe you could sort beat it inter 'im—des frall 'im out lak, 'twell he tuk ter it natchul! He already been hit side de head wid a dictionary, an de 'bigges sort er words is been runnin' in his head ever since! I think dat ef you'd lamm 'im roun' wid some er dem books you got dar he'd fetch up all right. Hit's my hones' beliefs dat all dat boy needs is a fair shovin' en he'll spride de worl'!"—Atlanta Constitution.

Storks of East Indies.

In a public park at Calcutta are several birds of the adjutant species. They are the storks of the East Indies, and average about six feet in height. These birds parade in a stately way, and at a distance look so much like soldiers that strangers often mistake them for grenadiers.

An All-Round Muchness.

"They say there are too many adjectives in the latest historical novel."

"I'll bet it's the same way with all the other parts of speech."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

HOUSE ON A ROOF.



At first there seems to be nothing remarkable about this old house at Rouen, for to this day houses are built with towers and cupolas. But here we have a complete three-story house, containing several bedrooms, straddling the ridge of a six-story house of much greater age. Most of the old French cities were laid out on a very narrow scale, with high buildings crowded together and separated by extremely narrow streets. In spite of the extensive destruction of the older parts of Paris in the last half century, there are still on the left bank of the Seine streets in which three men cannot walk abreast without brushing against the walls of the houses. In the course of time building sites in these old cities became almost priceless—in fact, unattainable. The only place where new houses could be put was on top of the old ones. Nowadays in similar conditions the roofs would be raised or removed, and the old walls carried up a few stories; but this method did not seem to commend itself to these old French builders, who preferred to plant the new construction on the roof of the old one.

SURGICAL TRIUMPH.

New Eyelids Given to a Man Who Was Maimed in a Fire.

A new surgical triumph has been achieved by a Philadelphia physician. For probably the first time in the history of ophthalmological surgery a new set of eyelids have been successfully supplied by skin grafting.

Dr. Charles Monroe Thomas, homeopathic eye specialist, performed the operation. The patient lost both the upper and lower eyelids in a burst of flame. The accident left both eyeballs entirely unprotected, and there was grave danger of the patient losing his sight.

The case was brought to the attention of Dr. Thomas several months ago, and he at once began the attempt to graft four new eyelids. The skin used for the grafting was taken from the hip of the patient.

It was necessary to proceed slowly, but the experiment was successful from the start. To-day the patient has four new eyelids, which perform the normal functions naturally.

The case has attracted widespread interest among medical men. A leading ophthalmologist said that while eyelid grafting was not a new operation, this was the first time, so far as his knowledge went, that an entire set had been replaced successfully.

The chief danger in the loss of the eyelids, he said, lay in the fact that it left the eyes unprotected. The lips act as brows and keep the surface of the eye clear. Without them it would be impossible to remove specks of dust or any other foreign body that found its way into the eye. This in time would cause the loss of the organ.—Philadelphia Press.

TIP FROM VETERAN DOCTOR.

Simple Rule that Helped Him to Acquire a Lucrative Position.

A physician of long standing in this city, who has a practice that many of his colleagues might envy—and many in all probability do—recently gave this advice to a young doctor who was just starting out in his profession. The older man is a type of the kind of doctor that is said to be going out of style—the family physician. Whether he is destined to disappear or not, this is a physician followed a highly profitable kind of career while it lasted. Many young men used to regard this sort of practice as that to which they all aspired.

"I have always made it a rule," said this experienced man of medicine, "to close every visit to a patient with a question or a comment on his or her physical condition. It is all very well to discuss various questions with one's patients, talk about all kinds of subjects and interest them in any way possible. But the final remark must be connected with the patient's critical condition. Tell him not to forget to take a certain medicine regularly, or tell her that you have never had a case that was just like hers—but in all cases talk last about the illness of the person you have come to see. I learned that when I was a young man from the most popular physician of his time. I always felt indebted to him, for it was not long before I realized, the truth of the theory that nothing leaves such a favorable impression on a patient as to emphasize the importance of his malady."—New York Sun.

Sleepy Grass.

Sleepy grass is found in New Mexico, Texas and Siberia. It has a most injurious effect on horses and sheep, being a strong narcotic or sedative, and causing profound sleep, or stupor, lasting twenty-four to forty-eight hours.

SMALL BUT GOOD TEACHER.

Young Illinois Schoolma'am Only a Little Over Four Feet Tall.

Teaching in one of the largest country schools in Illinois is Miss Lena Arnold, a petite and pretty young woman whose stature is just above four feet. She enjoys the distinction of being the smallest schoolma'am in the country and has the reputation also of being one of the best. She presides over the scholars at the Rhodes school, five miles east of Alta Pass, in Union county. Many of her pupils are much larger than she, yet she rules with a firm hand and directs the young mind in the way it should grow with a skill fully satisfying the school directors, and there is no recollection of a time when she did not.

The fact of the matter is that the country school of this day is not the country school of another. The truculent gladiators of the countryside who waged war on the teacher as an Igor

note wages war on people who wear clothes has been long away.

In the seat of the erstwhile teacher trouncer sits now a youth that even this little lady from Lilliput may rule. He will build the fire for her. He will sweep the schoolroom for her. He will wind the clock and operate the windows, and there is no big or little thing to serve her that he will not count it his good pleasure to do.

Miss Arnold boards at a farmhouse near the school. There is a creek between and recently this creek was swollen after a rain. The little schoolma'am could not cross at the usual ford. So she called upon her boys. A couple of them lifted her between them and splashed across with her, setting her down high and dry, and Sir Walter Raleigh did not spread his cloak for the queen's sake with a better grace than these young gentlemen wet their feet that the little school-teacher might keep her own dry. Little men rule the world. Look out for the little woman!



MISS LENA ARNOLD.

GETTING BOARD IN BOSTON.

The Applicant Must Pass a Most Rigid Examination.

Until one has tried, the difficulties of obtaining a boarding place in some of the very beautiful, but conservative suburbs of Boston are not realized. You can pass a civil service examination or obtain a life insurance policy more easily. A young Boston newspaper man, who had decided to exchange the excitements of the city for the quiet simplicity of the country, sallied forth bravely one day recently, but returned to town wondering if he looked like a second-story burglar or a sneak thief, owing to the rigid cross-questioning he had received from sundry timid house holders. When he started out he was well armed with references of the most excellent character, but when he returned he found that he had been compelled to tell the entire story of his life, and even then the matter had not been settled. One gray-bearded gentleman, living in a beautiful old-fashioned house not far from Roxbury, proved to be the prize inquisitor of the lot. He placed the applicant on the rack for an hour and a half, firing questions at him with Maxim-gun rapidity. When the late Li Hung Chang was in this country he was noted for the strangely personal questions he asked all the people he met. The aged Roxbury gentleman was able to beat Earl Li at his own game. He started out with queries as to the applicant's business, his age, his family, the time he had lived in Boston and whether he was likely to be out nights. The old gentleman wanted to know if the applicant had any friends, and, if so, who were they. The question, however, which appeared to be the most vital, was on the matter of being out nights. The applicant finally, with tears in his eyes, confessed that it was quite likely that some nights he would be out until midnight or later, at work. "W-a-l-l," drawled the aged Roxbury resident, at the conclusion of his protracted interview. "I guess if you can't get in by 9 o'clock at the latest you can't come here."—Boston Herald.

FLAGS AT THE CAPITOL.

When and How the National Emblems Are Put at Half-Mast.

The flying of flags over the capitol at half-mast is regulated by the strictest rules. Whenever these flags are seen floating down the staff is a sure indication that a Vice President, Senator or Representative is lying dead, or that the action is taken in response to a presidential proclamation ordering flags on public buildings at half-mast in respect to the memory of some prominent official of the government who has passed away.

When the sergeant-at-arms of the Senate or House of Representatives learns of the death of a member of either of those bodies they at once order that the flags over the Senate chamber and Hall of Representatives be half-masted. This is often done be-

for the houses of Congress themselves are officially notified of the death. A good deal of discretion is exercised in the manner of placing the news of a death of this kind officially before the Senate or the House. Upon such an announcement it is customary for the houses to adjourn in respect to the deceased Senator or Representative, and in order that current business may not be stopped early in the day the announcement is generally made just before the houses are ready to conclude their day's work.

Officers of the Senate and House, when they fly the flags at half-mast in response to a proclamation by the President, regard their action as one of courtesy, as they do not recognize the power of the President to order Congress to do anything except to assemble in extraordinary session. They have always responded to the requests of such proclamations. It would be a nice question if one could imagine that it could ever be raised to know to what extent the President's authority would allow him to order flags at half-mast on the capitol. While his authority would not extend over the employees of the Senate and House, yet the capitol for many years was in fact controlled exclusively by him so far as the care of the building is concerned, and the superintendent of the building is to-day appointed by him without confirmatory action on the part of the Senate.

As a matter of fact, the capitol has for years been under the direct control of the committees on appropriations of the two houses of Congress, but that control has been accorded them by the failure of the President to give any orders to the architect or more lately to the superintendent of the capitol. If he should order that official to fly flags over the capitol at half-mast and the order should be disobeyed he would have power to dismiss him and appoint some one else in his place without the concurrence of either branch of Congress, except so far as the appropriation for the official's salary would be involved.

These are practically moot questions, says the Washington Star, but they occasionally form interesting subjects for fireside talks when flags are half-masted in response to presidential proclamations.

MARK TWAIN'S HISTORIC HOME.

"Hill Crest," at Tarrytown, on the Highlands of the Hudson.

Mark Twain's new home, "Hill Crest," at Tarrytown on the Hudson, is a historic spot in literature and in revolutionary history. When Mr. Clemens visited there some weeks ago and stood on the grand old hill overlooking Washington Irving's "Sleepy Hollow" to the east, and Tappan Zee to the west, and had pointed out to him the

high prominence where, in the old revolutionary days signal fires were lighted to arouse the surrounding country; the monuments along the highways and waysides, worn-eaten and moss-covered, he determined to own it.

The place was formerly owned by Capt. W. T. Casey, who laid it out like an old English manor, with manor house, stables, kennels, driveways and terraced grounds, at an expense of \$100,000. Mr. Clemens is said to have paid less than half that amount for it.

Immune from Cold Feet.

An observer of the bird species has concluded that birds are not troubled with cold feet, and says: "I spent several afternoons this winter watching the wild birds which are kept at the New York zoological gardens. One would expect them to show signs of decided pleasure after one of the thaws. The wild ducks did make considerable fuss over the worms and grass thus uncovered, and they made use of the open water in spite of its icy temperature. Yet neither the ducks nor swans deserted the half-thawed ice around the edges of the pond, although there was any amount of ground which was free from snow. I have reached the conclusion that they do not know what it means to have cold feet, for they stood about on the ice as though they enjoyed it."

Wealth in Platinum Mines.

"We are all going to be millionaires out in my State," said Senator Clark of Wyoming. "Not only have we discovered oil, but in a copper mine, as I learn from a letter I received to-day, a vein of pure platinum has been discovered. It is the only instance of the kind on the United States. Platinum is worth a great deal more than gold."

Mechanical Music.

"Did they have any music at the mechanicals' reception?"

"Oh, yes; the plumber piped, the carpenter pounded the piano, the locksmith gave them the key and the joiner joined in."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Telephones in Europe.

Western Europe will soon have as complete a long-distance telephone service as the United States now have.

What has become of the old fashioned man who said a handy, industrious man was "full handed?"

An Irishman says he always shuts his eyes when he looks at lady's faults.



Last words of a great man: "So few done; so many to do."—Chicago Tribune.

He—It is reported around town that we are engaged? She—Is it? What idiotic things people do say.—Somerville Journal.

That dinner: "Wasn't that dinner we just had great?" "Elegant! I don't know when I have felt so uncomfortable."—Town and Country.

Aged Criminal (who has just got a life sentence)—Oh, me lud, I shall never live to do it! Judge (sweetly)—Never mind. Do as much of it as you can!—Punch.

Sensible Folks.—Mrs. Van Upperton—Yes, my ancestors came over on the Mayflower. Mrs. Suddenrich—How foolish of them! Mine waited for a ten-day boat.—Brooklyn Life.

Compliment Worthily Won.—Angry Guest—I've been waiting three-quarters of an hour on that steak I ordered! Waiter—You have an uncommon amount of patience, sir.—Boston Post.

The Mother—Uncle Charles asked the baby what kind of eyes it had. The Father—Just as if the dear little thing could tell him. "Well, she did. She said 'goo, goo.'"—Yonkers Statesman.

In Gentle Spring.—"Paw," said little Johnny Askit, "what does Kipling mean by 'fanned fools'?" "The folks who take their fannels off before the first of May, my son."—Baltimore American.

"He is satisfied now that this is a hard, hard world." "Why, he's rich, and has everything he could wish for." "I know, but he's been thrown out of his automobile several times lately."—Philadelphia Press.

Bacon—They never say in Boston that a child is born with a silver spoon in its mouth. Egbert—What do they say, then? Bacon—That it came into the world with gold-rimmed eye-glasses.—Yonkers Statesman.

A New One.—Casey—Fifty dollars Callahan has spint tryin' to git his mother-in-law out av purgatory. Dally—Fifty dollars? Casey—Th same! He sez he wants to git her out before he goes in if it kin be done!—Puck.

The Only Way.—"My wife generally gives me a two-hour curtain lecture when I come home, but last night was an exception." "Then she shut up?" "No, the bed shut up. It was of the folding variety."—Chicago News.

"Do you drink coffee?" asked the doctor of an aged patient. "Yes," was the reply. "Coffee," continued the M. D., "is a slow poison." "Yes, very slow," replied the old man; "I've taken it daily for nearly eighty years."—Tit-Bits.

She—Tell me, frankly, George, if you were a rich man do you think you would ask me to marry you? He—I don't think it would be necessary, Edith; in that case, you would probably do the asking.—Boston Transcript.

"So, you remember me all these years! You must have a wonderful memory for faces." "Weary—It's not dat exac'ly, but I remember dat ol' dag counterfeited Canadian dime you giv' me. Now make good—New York Journal.

Casey's Trulams.—Denus—"Tis th' early bur-d gets th' wur-rrn, Misther Casey? Casey—"Tis thot. If ye want to keep yer head above water these days, ye can't let th' grass grow under yer feet, Misther Dinnik.—Detroit Free Press.

"Did you call that rust magnate to the stand?" "I did," answered the man who was conducting the investigation. "I suppose he added a great deal to the interest of the case?" "He did. It is now more mysterious than ever."—Washington Star.

The Secret.—"How does it come you write such lovely dialect verse?" asked the enthusiastic editor. "Why, you see," replied the budding author, "I use a stub pen, lots of ink, and write left-handed with my eyes blindfolded."—Ohio State Journal.

Hostess—O, do, Mr. Basseau, oblige us with just one more song. The Singer—Really, Mrs. Footsitt, I'm afraid at this late hour I might disturb the neighbors. Hostess—Never mind; they have a howling dog that disturbs us at night very often.—Philadelphia Press.

In Court.—"What an awful looking villain the prisoner is!" whispered a lady in the police court to her husband; "I should be afraid even to stand near him!" "Hush!" warned her husband, "the prisoner hasn't been brought in yet. That's his lawyer."—Tit-Bits.

The Social Lion.—Smithson (the celebrated poet, novelist, playwright, etc.)—But, my dear young lady, I really don't understand you. I haven't been winning any ping-pong tournament. I don't play. Miss Brown—Oh, but surely I heard our hostess say you were the Mr. Smithson!—Punch.

"I suppose you think it is very silly, Charley, dear," said young Mrs. Torkins, "for me to pay several dollars to watch an actress for a few hours?" "Well, to be candid, it does strike me as a little steep." "But it isn't as bad, Charley, dear, as paying \$40 or \$50 to see a horse run once around a race track, is it, honestly?"—Washington Star.

THE ENTERPRISE.

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SATURDAY, MAY 31, 1902.

The word "hoodlum" and the peculiarly obnoxious creature it describes is indigenous to California.

The hoodlum is a human parasite and degenerate, usually found infesting the slums of San Francisco and other California cities.

We grieve to say that this wholesome, growing village is unfortunately cursed by the presence of some half a score of this human excrement in its most offensive form.

This small gang of feather-headed fools was out in full force on Friday evening of last week at the entertainment given by the school children for the benefit of our public school, and occupied the front seat in the gallery, from which vantage ground, made bold by the absence of the local peace officer, they kept up a continuous disturbance, greeting the songs of the innocent children with shrill cat calls and interrupting the performances of other participants in the exercises of the evening with all sorts of vile and offensive noises.

The most charitable explanation for such shameless and senseless conduct is that the enfeebled brains of these immature young men have been preyed upon by a venomous worm, which breeds an irresistible yearning for cheap and vulgar notoriety. We have been asked by good citizens to publish the names of these foolish young fellows, and had at first intended doing so, but upon reflection have decided to spare their families and friends that humiliation and disgrace.

ABOUT REGISTRATION.

Many citizens are laboring under a misapprehension with regard to registration of voters, thinking that those who were on the old register and voted or had the right to vote at the last general election, are not required to register anew this year. This is a mistake. Every one, old voters whose names are on the old register, as well as the new voters, must register this year. The law requires a new and complete registration. For this precinct, County Clerk Thompson has appointed two deputies, viz.: R. J. Carroll and C. L. Kauffmann. Mr. Carroll is traveling over the Township as Deputy Assessor and will register voters anywhere in the Township and particularly in the outlying neighborhoods, like Guadalupe Valley and San Pedro. Mr. Kauffmann can be found at the Postoffice every day from 7 o'clock a. m. to 7 p. m., prepared to register any and all voters who may apply. The time for registering will expire September 24th. No one should put this business off. It will not take to exceed five minutes to attend to it. We trust every citizen who is qualified will register at once.

"Praya" as it Preys.

Very strange is the insect popularly known as the "praying mantis." Of this insect M. J. H. Fabre, a distinguished French naturalist, made a thorough study. According to him, "its long, pale green wings, like ample veils, its head upraised to heaven, its arms folded and crossed on its breast, give it a false resemblance to a nun in ecstatic devotion."

A ferocious creature it is, ever bent on carnage, the workshops of various burrowing hymenoptera being its favorite haunts, since there it is almost certain to find prey.

"Poised on some bush near the burrows," says Mr. Fabre in his account of the insect, "it waits patiently until it sees some other insect, probably a sphinx, returning home. By a sudden rustle of its half open wings it terrifies the approaching insect, which hesitates for a moment, and then as suddenly as a spring the toothed forearm folds back on an arm also toothed, and the insect is grasped between the blades of the double saw in the same manner as the jaws of a wolf trap close on an unfortunate wolf at the instant when it is seizing the bait. Then, without unclosing the deadly machine, the mantis slowly eats its victim."

In Provence this cruel insect is known as "prego Dieou," which means "pray to God."

Diogenes and Dogs.

Diogenes died from the bite of a dog, and his last request to the neighbors was that they throw his body into the alley for the dogs to eat, but they refused to do so and gave him a noble funeral and erected a monument in his honor, upon which was carved the figure of a dog, the symbol of his life.—Chicago Record-Herald.

HE HAD A BIG HEART.

An Old Miner Who Was Mark Twain's Ideal Gentleman.

"The finest gentleman I ever knew," said Mark Twain in a chat with a reporter one day, "was an old California miner who could barely write his own name. He was a forty-niner, and he and his partner had struck it rich in the early days. The old man had neither child nor child, and he had worked hard all his life, and when he did get his money he hardly knew what to do with it.

"He did not try to jump into society or to push his way with the 'big fellows' there. He continued to live with the people whom he had associated with all his life, and many an act of kindness was done, many a wandering son and father saved, many a sorrowing woman's burden lightened and her home brightened by an unknown donor whose identity with the old man was only known to a few.

"It was different with the partner. He had a wife and two daughters with social aspirations, and after a whole lot of pushing and hauling and shoving they landed in society. The expense was too much of a drain on the husband's purse, and he speculated, with the inevitable outcome. He lost his entire fortune and then shot himself. Then it was that the true gentleness of the old man showed itself. The widow and her daughters had no one to turn to but him, and he did not disappoint them. He saved their home for them when everything else went under the hammer, and he maintained them in all the regal style to which they were accustomed, although he still lived in his old lodgings. He lived long enough to see both of the girls well married and the mother carefully settled for life. Then he died in a charity hospital in San Francisco. He had spent every penny he owned on the family of his partner."—St. Louis Republic.

MAMMOTH BIRDCAGE.

One of the Little Known Attractions of the National Capital.

Washington, in addition to its other attractions, possesses the largest birdcage in the United States, perhaps in the world. It is 110 by 220 feet ground dimensions and 130 feet high and is located in the very heart of the city, at the busiest point in a busy section. It is, in fact, the court of the post-office building, and at times it is filled with sparrows, their twittering filling the air and lending a strange incongruity to the otherwise solemn surroundings of the great building.

The birds enter the glass covered court through the ventilating slats at the north and south ends near the peak of the roof, and only by accident do they find their way again to the open air. At times there are scores of them flying about within the inclosure; then a few disappear and others enter. Over the mailroom, on the ground floor, there is a flat, glass covered roof, partitioned off with planks, and on these latter are arranged many palms from the botanical gardens.

Among these the birds disport themselves as in tropical freedom, and were food supplied them there is small doubt that they would engage to remain indefinitely in such comfortable quarters, for after the first fright at seeming capture of a new bird the little creatures seem to adapt themselves happily to their new quarters, and only when the pangs of hunger attack them do they make any attempt to find their way again to the open.—Washington Times.

The Way Cyclones Turn.

The question is often asked, Why do cyclones, "whirlwinds" and tornadoes all persist in the polar whirl from right to left? Astronomical speculators have supposed that all the planets once existed as rings of thinly scattered matter around the sun and that these rings were annular segregations from a vague, irregularly scattered mass that turned one way in spiral courses, thus determining the direction in which the rings revolved, and all the rest from this took the same course.

"But," you say, "why did the nebula revolve at all?" It grew from chaos, and chaos presumably possessed an inherent motion from right to left. This being the case, from that time to this sun, moon, stars, planets, cyclones and tornadoes have adhered to the original habit.

The Obedient Child.

There was once a little girl who found it very hard to wash her hands just before dinner. She meant to be clean for the table, but there was so many things to think of that it was impossible to remember. Her mother reproved her very severely one day, and she promised to do better. That day at dinner her mother asked the usual question, "Have you washed your hands, dear?"

"Yes," came the satisfied reply.

Her mother looked smilingly down at the little one's hands, and then she uttered an exclamation, for there was no sign that soap or water had been used on them. "Why, your hands are black," she said. "Didn't you say you washed them?"

"Well, I just did, mamma, but I was afraid I'd forget, so I washed them right after breakfast."—New York Press.

An intelligent sepooy one day came to a telegraph office in India and handed in a message to send to a station in central India. Having read the message, the operator said there was something wrong. "No, sahib; me knows English," he said. Again an attempt was made to explain to him that it was wrongly worded. "Me knows English," he declared haughtily and indignantly. "If you no send, me report Superintendent Mandalay." Thus threatened, the message was forwarded. "Come quick; father dangerously dead."

PARTED BY TRIFLES

HONEYMOON QUARRELS SOMETIMES END IN SEPARATION.

Trivial Things That Have Strewn the Sea of Matrimony With the Wrecks of Married Lives Before the Voyage Was Fairly Begun.

"The only reliable thing in marriage is its uncertainty," Douglas Jerrold once remarked in a cynical moment, and, like many sayings to which one may object, this aphorism contains at least an elementary truth. It is a curious fact that while some matrimonial barks survive fifty or more years of voyaging and come safely into harbor at last others are wrecked before they leave the still waters of the honeymoon.

This was the fate of a couple known to the writer who were married a few years ago under the brightest of auspices and for whom their friends predicted nothing but happiness. The very first day of the honeymoon their wedded lives came to an abrupt and tragic termination from the simplest of causes.

The bride had brought with her on the honeymoon a parol of a vivid, aggressive red color, to which her husband objected. He begged her not to use it, but she persisted. The dispute grew warmer and warmer, heated words were exchanged, until at last in an impulse of anger the bridegroom snatched the sunshade out of his wife's hands and threw it into the sea.

Thus ended their life together, for the indignant young wife took the next train to her mother's home, and from that day to this the foolish people have never met.

In another case, known professionally to the writer, a dispute as to the pronunciation of a word completely wrecked the married life of a young couple and brought their little tragedy into the light of the law courts.

It came out in evidence that during the honeymoon the bridegroom had ventured to correct the bride, who had mispronounced a word at the breakfast table. She resented the correction, maintaining that she was right and her lord and master wrong. The argument thus begun ended in a bitter quarrel, during which each disputant no doubt said things which had much better have been left unsaid, with the result that the silly couple separated, each refusing to yield to the other.

Efforts were made by their friends and relatives to heal the breach, but to no purpose, and the little tragedy ended in a judicial separation.

It seems almost incredible that people should allow their lives to be wrecked by such trivial causes, but in both these cases actual fact proves stranger even than fiction.

More ludicrous, if not more trivial, was the cause that separated a couple who were united less than a year ago. In a suit by a husband for the restitution of conjugal rights the wife declared that it was impossible to live with the plaintiff "because he snored so dreadfully."

"But, surely," the judge remarked, "this is not a sufficient reason for staying away from your husband?" "You would think it was, my lord," the lady replied, "if you lived with him. I couldn't get a wink of sleep in any part of the house, and even the neighbors complained of his snoring. It will kill me if I have to go back."

Unreasonable suspicions have contributed as much as any cause to the undoing of husbands and wives. In one domestic tragedy which was unfolded in the law courts a few years ago a newly married wife had received a letter addressed in a masculine hand. The husband, who was of a jealous temperament, demanded to see the letter, which the wife refused to show him.

High words ensued, and in a moment of uncontrollable passion the husband struck his wife, with the result that she went home to her parents and refused to live with him again.

The most tragic and dramatic part of the story was the lady's statement in court that the letter which had caused all the trouble had been written by her brother.

A clergyman told the writer that he once married a rustic couple whose matrimonial life terminated at the church door at the conclusion of the wedding ceremony.

It appears that the bridegroom had discovered that his bride had sold her mangle, which had been one of the chief inducements to marry her, and she had made an equally disappointing discovery that her swain had sold a handsome clock on which she had set her heart. Thus were two lives wrecked by a mangle and a clock, however strange and foolish it may seem.

In another case a young widow who had married an elderly bachelor who was reputed to be wealthy found after her marriage that her false lover had parted with every penny of his fortune in purchasing an annuity for his own life and was so disgusted with his meanness that she left him to the undisturbed enjoyment of his annuity.

One recreant husband gave as a reason for declining to live with his wife the discovery that the hair which had constituted her chief charm in his eyes was false and that he could no longer either love or respect a wife who had so deceived him.—London Tit-Bits.

Wickers—I don't know what is the matter with me. My memory is getting so treacherous that I cannot trust it from one week to the next.

Vickers—Is that so? I say, can you lend me \$10 for about thirty days?

Jester—Poor old Skindint has his troubles!

Jimson—What! Why, he's making barrels and barrels of money.

Jester—I know, but the price of barrels has gone up.—Boston Post.

The New Flat.

Mr. and Mrs. Wellover started out house hunting early one morning, intending to spend the entire day in that occupation.

The agent of the first flat they examined told them the rent would be \$20 a month, which was \$10 less than they had expected.

"Any objection to children?" asked Mrs. Wellover.

"None at all," replied the agent.

"How often does the janitor wash the windows?"

"Whenever you want them washed and no oftener."

"How about the steam heat?"

"We don't shut it off until the last of May, and not then if the weather is cool."

"What kind of janitor have you?"

"He's a good natured man with an impediment in his speech and can't talk."

It was a second floor flat, with rooms well lighted, as many closets as rooms, a large pantry, deadened floors, all the modern conveniences and was new and in a good part of town.

"And only \$20 a month!" murmured Mrs. Wellover. "Can I be dreaming?"

Whereupon she pinched herself and found she was.—Chicago Tribune.

Restaurant Cooks' Fees.

When a cook applies for a place in a restaurant, he says first:

"What's the wages?"

And after he has learned about the wages he goes on:

"Includin' grease?"

"Yes," is the answer, or else it is "No," whereupon he resumes:

"Includin' bones?"

An inquisitive person the other day heard a cook asking these strange questions of a restaurateur, and the inquisitive person inquired, "What on earth did that cook mean?"

"He meant that he wished to know if he would get the grease and bones as perquisites," the restaurateur explained. "The waste grease and bones of a big eating house amount in the course of a month to a great deal, you know. Here we get monthly 3,700 pounds of bones, and they all go to the cook. He sells them at a half cent a pound, and thus they add \$4.50 a week to his salary."—Philadelphia Record.

The Florin.

The florin, one of the most famous of modern coins, originated in Florence. Some say that it gave the name to the city, while others assert that it was first so called because it had on it a flower-de-luce, from the Italian florone, or "flower," for the same reason that an English silver piece is called a "crown," or certain goldpieces in France indifferently a "napoleon" or a "louis," or the ten dollar goldpiece in America an "eagle."

Two countries, Austria and Holland, have retained the florin as a unit of monetary value, taking it at a time when it was very universal in Europe, its usage having been rendered general by the financial supremacy of the little states of northern Italy and the imperfect coinage system of the other countries of the continent.

A Troublesome Trio.

"The most troublesome member of my flock," said the parson, "is a young woman who wants a husband."

"My most troublesome client," said the lawyer, "is a middle aged woman who wants a divorce."

"The most troublesome patient I have," said the physician, "is a spinster of uncertain age who doesn't know what she wants."—Chicago News.

The Part He Played.

Mr. Stalate—So your sister keeps you well supplied with pocket money, does she?

Tommy—Yes.

Stalate—I presume you have to render some little equivalent?

Tommy (yawning)—Oh, yes; I have to come in and yawn when visitors are staying too late.

His Weakness.

Albert—Why, don't you recollect that girl? That's the girl you used to rave over last summer—call her a "poem" and all that.

Edward—By Jove, so it is! I never could commit a "poem" to memory.

Flannery—Shure, Oi don't been able to slape the last few nights, an' 'tis just worry that's doin' it.

Flaherty—Phwot are ye worryin' about?

Flannery—Fur fear Oi'll git insomnia; 'tis hereditary in our family.—Exchange.

The Flaws in the Rose.

When a garden first becomes a joyful possibility, most people turn at once to the thought of roses. Now, roses have no place in landscape gardening. As a rule they do not belong in the front yard. This may sound shocking and heretical, but it is true at least so far as the common double flowered roses are concerned. The place for roses is in the flower garden, and the place for the flower garden is in the rear or off at one side by itself. Roses have too many insect enemies. Their foliage is always being destroyed. For the ordinary person it is not worth while to spray them.

Probably half the plants of all kinds sold in America by nurserymen are roses. Everybody loves roses, but in practice no one takes good care of them except the rose specialist. Personally I prefer peonies to roses for my garden. They have larger flowers which last longer than roses. They make a more compact and shapely bush, have an abundance of rich, dark green foliage, come into bearing earlier, are harder and longer lived than most roses, and they are remarkably free from insects and disease. All they lack is poetry, perfume, thorns and bugs.

But I shall not quarrel with any one who prefers roses. If you really want roses, you would better have them even if you fail.—Wilhelm Miller in Pilgrim.

Killing a Bull Without a Weapon.

Cayetano, a famous Spanish toreador, once was strolling across a meadow with a couple of friends when his attention was attracted by an old and infuriated bull which was galloping toward them with lowered head and erect tail. Cayetano had no weapon, not even a cane, but he seized a dustcoat which one of his friends was carrying over his arm. As soon as the

bull got close to them Cayetano bade his companions make their escape while he engaged the animal's attention. Using the coat as a cape, he drove the bull crazy with fury, stepping aside with the deftest agility at each of the animal's charges. In this manner he caused the bull to turn sharply in the midst of its onward rushes until finally an ominous crack was heard, and the bull fell in a heap, with its backbone broken by the sudden wrench given by the animal's abrupt swerve.

She Played the Trump Card.

"How did she get here?" At a famous dancing assembly this was the quite audible comment made by several married belles when a beautiful young matron as yet on the outskirts of the exclusive set entered the room. The newcomer, whose first appearance it was, proved herself quite equal to the occasion. She had a nodding acquaintance with nearly every woman in the room. Some of them even went to her luncheon parties. Calmly turning to the most supercilious critic in the room, she echoed as though in reply:

"How did I get here? I drove here, my dear Mrs. Crossbeam. Did you walk?"—Lippincott's Magazine.

An Irish Bull.

Bridget and Pat were sitting in an armchair reading an article on "The Law of Compensation."

"Just fancy," exclaimed Bridget, "accordin' to this, whin a mon loses wan av 'is sinces another gits more developed. For instance, a blind mon gits more sinse av hearin' an' touch, an'—"

"Shure, an' it's quite thrue," answered Pat. "O've noticed it meself. Whin a mon has wan leg shorter than the other, begorra the other's longer."—Philadelphia Times.

South San Francisco Laundry

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Washing called for and delivered to any part of South San Francisco. Special attention paid to the washing of **Flannels and Silks.**

All Repairing Attended to

Your patronage respectfully Solicited. Leave orders at **BADEN CASH STORE,** South San Francisco, Cal.

UNION COURSING PARK

The Finest Inclosed COURSING PARK In the World

IS NOW IN OPERATION AT

COLMA, SATURDAYS and SUNDAYS.

ADMISSION 25 CENTS. Ladies and Children Free.

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REAL ESTATE

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LOCAL AGENT FOR THE

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MME. MARQUIS, PROPRIETRESS

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**Fine Fluting, Laces Done
Up Like New**

Particular attention paid to

FLANNELS, BLANKETS AND CURTAINS

**IF YOU WANT
GOOD MEAT**

Ask your butcher for meat from the great Abattoir at South San Francisco, San Mateo County.

South San Francisco Land and Improvement Co.

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**HAMBURG-BREMEN,
PHOENIX of Hartford, Connecticut,
AND HOME of New York**

FIRE INSURANCE COMPANIES.

**House Broker,
Notary Public.**

OFFICE AT POSTOFFICE,

Corner Grand and Linden Avenue,

SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

TOWN NEWS

Baden breezes.
Church entertainment tonight.
Another church building in sight.
This is a town of honest workers.
No room here for loafers or hoodlums.
Now is the time to register. Don't put it off.
Board of Supervisors meets on Monday next.
The school entertainment was a signal success.

San Mateo is still waging war against the mosquito tribe.
Don't forget the church entertainment this evening.
Work on the Gaerdes building is progressing rapidly.
Zell Rollins is pushing work on the new Burchard cottage.

Arthur Thompson is improving in health at Highland Springs.
Charley Willin received a consignment of prize poultry eggs this week.
Senator Healy's lumber wagon is on the go from morning until night every day.

Go to the church entertainment this evening and take your pocketbook with you.

W. F. Bailey has painted a lot of very artistic signs for the new baker, Mr. Henry Sahut.

Let the disturbers of the school children's entertainment go bury their heads in shame.

Geo. Wallace has rented flat No. 1 in the Hansbrough Block and will move in on June 1st.

Drop in at the Catholic Church entertainment this evening and drop some of your silver to help the church building fund.

Mrs. Painton's brother, J. C. Renowden, and wife, who visited here a week, have returned to their home in the Santa Cruz mountains.

W. F. Bailey has just finished painting the signs for the front of Arthur Davis' South San Francisco road house on San Bruno avenue.

W. F. Bailey has completed painting Pop Kelly's building on Grand avenue.

We regret to learn from Dr. Plymire, who is in attendance, that Mr. Custodio Silva is lying seriously ill at his home on Mission Road.

The Journeymen Butchers of our town will conduct a raffle for a fine organ at Butcher's Hall on Saturday evening, June 14th. Tickets, 50 cents.

This is the first time the Catholic church has asked anything of our people. Give freely this evening at the church entertainment and don't fail to go there.

Mr. Arthur Patterson, complying with the request of Health Officer Dr. Barrett, is putting in two modern closets and making sewer connection for his two cottages on Aspen avenue.

Mrs. Lizzie Rogers returned home on Saturday last from a visit to friends at Leavenworth, Kansas, accompanied by her sister, Miss Mamie Naughton.

An official of the United Railways of San Francisco was in town on Wednesday and in company with Land Agent W. J. Martin looked over the situation here with regard to an extension of the S. F. & San Mateo electric road to this place.

Mr. Charley Johnson has commenced work on Henry Mischenfelder's new building on the lot adjoining the Armour Hotel. The building is to be 25x32 feet and two stories. When finished it will be occupied by Mr. Henry Sahut, proprietor of the bakery.

If you desire to feel safe, sleep sound and fortify your credit, don't fail to have a policy of fire insurance to cover your property, and to secure such protection in sound companies, call on E. E. Cunningham, at Postoffice building.

Robert Pitcher of Menlo Park, a former and well-known resident of the coast side, was in town for the choromita. He is in the field as a candidate for sheriff the coming campaign, and his popularity throughout the county will make him a strong runner in the race.—Coast Advocate-Pennant.

John Schirck and J. L. Wood have completed their shop building on Linden avenue, near Grand, and are ready now to do all sorts of carpenter work and plumbing, either on new buildings or in the way of repairs. Mr. Schirck was for many years engineer at the pumping works. He is a thoroughly skilled workman and machinist and first-class plumber. Mr. Wood is too well-known to need comment. It is a good reliable firm.

Mrs. Jos. Debenedetti and daughters, Misses Josie and Angie, entertained a house full of company during choromita. Among them was Jas. E. Wilson, a landscape painter, who made several fine sketches while here and Ralph Donohoe, a cartoonist; and also H. Williams, J. P. Michiele, "Count" Donovitsky, Misses Adelina and Dora Cereghino of San Francisco; Mr. Connolly, South San Francisco; A. Borba, Colma.—Coast Advocate-Pennant.

We paid a visit on Sunday to Supervisor Elkerenkoter's new cottage on Spruce, just off Grand avenue. The building is now enclosed ready for the painters and the plasterers are at work. The site is one of the most beautiful in the town, commanding a fine view of the town and bay. The building is 30x52 feet, of one story, with a basement, and contains six rooms and bath. The front is east and all the rooms are light and sunny. Architecturally and artistically it is easily the most admirable residence in our young city. The grounds are 150x140 feet, affording ample room for gardens and grass plots. Mr. Elkerenkoter very wisely planted a belt of young trees on the south and west sides of his grounds before commencing the construction of his cottage. These are all growing finely and will soon afford shelter for the garden and flowers.

THE SCHOOL ENTERTAINMENT.

The entertainment given by the school children on Friday evening of last week filled Armour Pavilion from the stage to the doors.

The singing by the children was a delight to every one present. Grouped upon the stage and in the seats to the right, with bright and happy faces, their sweet voices rendered the songs of the schoolroom in perfect time and in the most admirable manner. Mr. Painton, the school principal, led the singing, baton in hand, as if he had been the leader of a real orchestra. To the teachers, and to Principal Painton in particular, great credit is due for the perfect discipline exhibited, as well as for the fine performance of the pupils.

Rev. Mr. Maar of Redwood City added greatly to the interest of the occasion with the sweet music of the zither, an instrument he plays with much feeling and skill.

Dr. McGovern of Halfmoon Bay kept the house in a roar with his recitations in Irish dialect. The Doctor was recalled three times before he made his final escape.

Mr. Saxe's vocal solo was rendered finely. Mr. Montevardo played a concert solo beautifully and was applauded by the audience. Mrs. Snyder sang a solo charmingly and delighted the entire audience. Mrs. Plymire and Mrs. McSweeney gave a piano duet which was one of the gems of the evening. Miss Josie Miner gave a recitation, rendered with much feeling and with a high degree of dramatic art. Miss Bacher's vocal solo was well rendered and well received. Messrs. Berlinger and Richey played a duet on the mandolin and guitar which was encored. The entertainment from first to last was a success and delight. The net receipts were about \$45. The money will be used to provide a new flag and pictures for the school.

Several large industries already in actual and successful operation.

An extensive and fine residence district, where workmen may secure land at reasonable prices and on favorable terms, as homes for themselves and their families.

Real estate bought and sold; houses rented; taxes paid; conveyancing done; leases and other legal papers drawn by E. E. Cunningham, real estate agent and notary public. Post-office building.

Curious Ways of Hopi Maids. In this age of advanced views on matrimonial entanglements and obligations it is refreshing to read of the curious marriage customs of the gentle savages of the Hopi tribe in Arizona.

Here the Hopi maid does the wooing, for the women of the Hopi brand are held in much higher respect than are the copper sisters of kindred tribes.

And when the Hopi maid has selected the youth of her choice she goes to his house as a suitor for his hand and testifies both to her devotion and her industry by grinding corn beneath his roof until he is sufficiently impressed with her qualities to yield and name the day.

When the Hopi maid leads the man of her choice to the tribal altar, she does so in the midst of elaborate ceremonials of long duration, and when all is over she takes him to her home. Nor does she yield this ownership when she weds. On the contrary, the house, the fields and all the property save the birds belong to the wife.

This, as will be seen, greatly facilitates the Hopi method of obtaining a divorce, for when the wife tires of her husband she simply takes his saddle from her floor and tosses it out through her door, and the divorce is completed.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

No Chance For Him. "Now that we are engaged," said the fair young thing, "I will tell you that I do not fear mice."

"That is nice," said the prospective groom.

"And," continued the fiancée, "I can drive nails without hitting my thumb, and I know how to use a paper cutter without ruining a book, and I can add a row of figures without making a separate sum for each consecutive figure, and I can build a fire, and I can tell when a picture is hung straight on the wall."

Here the man drew himself up with much dignity and sorrow and cried: "Then I cannot marry you alas!"

"Why?" gasped the girl.

"What prospect is there for my ever being able to demonstrate the superiority of man over woman if I marry a woman who possesses such traits of character as you?"—Baltimore American.

Dry Rubs Versus Baths. "I used to take a bath every morning, but two a week is my limit now," said a well known athlete. "Instead I use a flesh brush every morning for an hour, and I've never been in better shape in my life. I start at the top of my head with a hairbrush, then take the flesh brush—it is made specially for the purpose—and finish the job down to my feet until my skin is nearly the color of a boiled lobster. There's nothing like it in the world. It keeps the pores free and open, clears away the dead cuticle, doesn't enervate the system like a bath and above all is the finest exercise you can get. Rubbing the body vigorously with the brush, changing from hand to hand as the muscles of one arm tire, will keep you supple and limber. It's a great thing."—Philadelphia Record.

Why Rabbits Do Not Kill. Cheese to be digestible should be cooked, says a scientific cook. Some people think it is only a fad to put grated cheese on crackers and cook them in the oven, but that is an excellent way of preparing this food. The Welsh rarebit, or rabbit, if properly made, is another good way of cooking cheese and is more digestible than the piece of cheese we eat with apple pie.

When adding cheese to a dish, do not sprinkle it in layers, but melt it thoroughly in heated butter. Cheese to be digestible should be crumbled finely or grated, if eaten raw, and when cooked should be dissolved with milk or broth or vegetable juices.

Pimples. A great many persons are troubled with pimples on the face, which are unsightly at best, and especially annoying when they come, as they often do, on the nose. Of course they arise from some impurity of the blood and need constitutional treatment, but until this is obtained a safe and easy way of preventing them is to apply arnica to the skin. A pimple never comes without warning. A few hours before there is always a slight inflammation or swelling, and if a drop of arnica be applied to the spot when the swelling begins half a dozen applications in the course of a day will drive the pimple back under the skin.

ROUND-TRIP HOMESSEKERS' RATES. To accommodate those who have never seen California, and who may wish to look over the ground before finally deciding to move West, the Southern Pacific, through its Passenger Traffic Manager, Mr. E. O. McCormick, has applied to the Transcontinental Passenger Association for permission to put in very low second-class round-trip rates to California similar to the homeseekers' rates which were made last year, and which brought thousands of settlers to this State. Tickets will be on sale at the low rates twice a month, first and third Tuesdays, during March, April and May. The Southern Pacific is deserving of much credit for this action, which cannot fail to be beneficial to California.

CATHOLIC CHURCH ENTERTAINMENT. The ladies of the Catholic church will give an entertainment at the Armour Pavilion this evening. The entertainment proper will begin at 8 and close about 10 o'clock. After the entertainment there will be dancing until 12 o'clock. Refreshments will be served in the hall. Admission, 50 cents.

REWARD!!! The South San Francisco Land and Improvement Company offer a reward of \$10 for information leading to arrest and conviction of person or persons maliciously damaging its property.

FOR SALE. Lot 50x140, with cottage of four rooms, bath, basement, laundry, etc. For price and terms apply to Mrs. H. M. Hawkins.

FOR SALE. Good improved business lot. Pays good interest on price asked. Inquire of E. E. Cunningham.

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A low tax rate.
An equable and healthful climate.
The only deep water on the peninsula south of San Francisco.

Directly on the Bay Shore line of the Southern Pacific Railway; and only ten miles from the foot of Market street, San Francisco.

A ship canal which enables vessels to discharge their cargoes on the various wharves already completed for their accommodation.

An independent railroad system, which provides ample switching facilities to every industry.

Waterworks with water mains extending throughout the entire manufacturing district.

Thirty-four hundred acres of land in one compact body fronting on the bay of San Francisco, affording cheap and advantageous sites for all sorts of factories.

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POWERFUL VOICES.

Some Historic Shriekers Who Antedated the Famous Stentor.

The question has often been asked, "Who was the most loud voiced man of history?" The answer usually is that it was Stentor, of whom Homer says his voice was as loud as that of fifty other men combined and from which we get the phrase "stentorian voiced." But we have record of two historic "shriekers" anterior to Homer. We read where Simeon and Levi fought against the twelve men of the city of Sarton and that Levi beheaded one man with his own sword. In chapter 38, verse 41, of the book referred to the story is related in the following words: "And the sons of Jacob seeing that they could not prevail over the twelve, Simeon gave a loud and tremendous shriek, and the eleven remaining men were stunned by the awful shriek."

In chapter 39, same book, verse 19, we find the following account of the battles of the sons of Jacob with the inhabitants of the city of Gash. It seems as though the battle was both in the front and in the rear and that the warriors on the wall were throwing spears and hurling stones upon the sons of Jacob. What next occurred, as related in chapter and verse above cited, is recorded in these words:

"And Judah, seeing that the men of Gash were getting too heavy for them, gave a piercing and tremendous shriek, and all the men of Gash were terrified at Judah's cry, and men fell from the wall at the sound of his powerful shriek, and all those that were without as well as those within the city were greatly afraid of their lives."

The Canary Is a Little Pig. The canary is always regarded as a small eater, just as the pig is notorious for its gluttony. People with small appetites are often twitted for not eating more than enough to feed a canary, and this led a man who was a tiny eater to watch the yellow bird and record.

He found that a canary that weighed 247 grains ate just thirty-two times its own weight in a month; that is, it ate rather more than its own weight on an average every day. Anyone who watches the little bird will notice that it is always eating. Now, says the investigator, a pig doesn't eat its own weight every day, glutton as it is. Hence he thinks that the canary deserves to be classed as a little pig.—London Answers.

The Fishhawk. "The fishhawk tells us when the shad begin to run up the river," said a Gloucester fisherman. "We have learned that it isn't much use to cast the nets, no matter how mild the weather may be, until Mr. Fishhawk swoops down on us. When he comes sailing up the bay, we know it's time to get to work. Lots of farmers down Jersey would never think to start planting until the fishhawk comes. I don't believe they have ever been later than April 12, though. They work their way up the coast from Florida and the other southern waters early in March, when the fish begin to come north. They follow the big schools of herring, as a rule, because the herring swim close together, and the hawk has easy picking. The shad follow the herring, and when the fishhawk comes we know the shad are not far behind."—Philadelphia Record.

The Chimney Swift. Occasionally a bird is strong minded enough to break away from old traditions. Before this country was settled the swift nested in hollow trees, but after trees began to be cut down and chimneys arose above the roofs of houses everywhere the birds were quick to perceive that fires are generally out by the time their nesting season arrives. Therefore why not take advantage of the innovation? So completely did they forsake their old nesting sites to build in chimneys that the name chimney swift is now universally applied to them.—Ladies' Home Journal.

MARKET REPORT.

CATTLE—Desirable cattle of all kinds are selling at easier prices and are offered freely.

SHEEP—Sheep of all kinds are selling at easier prices.

HOGS—Hogs are in demand at lower prices.

PROVISIONS—Provisions are in fair demand at steady prices.

LIVESTOCK—The quoted prices are for less 50 per cent shrinkage on Cattle, delivered and weighed in San Francisco, stock to be fat and merchantable.

CATTLE—No. 1 Fat Native Steers, 9@9½; 2d quality, 8@8½; No. 1 Cows and Heifers, 7½@7¾; No. 2 Cows and Heifers, 6½@7; thin Cows, 4@6c.

HOGS—Hard, grain-fed, 250 lbs and under 6½; over 250 to 300 lbs, 6c; rough heavy hogs, 4½@5.

SHEEP—Desirable Wethers, Dressing 50 lbs and under, 3¾@4c; Ewes, 3½@3¾c; Spring Lambs, 4½@5½.

CALVES—Under 250 lbs, alive gross weight, 5@5½c; over 250 lbs, 4½@4¾c.

FRESH MEAT—Wholesale butchers' prices for whole carcasses.

BEEF—First quality steers, 7½; second quality, 7@7½c; first quality cows and heifers, 6¾@7c; second quality, 6@6½c; third quality, 5@5½c.

LAMB—Large, 8@8½; small, good, 9@9½; common, 6@7c.

MUTTON—Wethers, 8@8½c; Ewes, 7½@8c.

Spring Lamb, 9@9½c.

DRESSED HOGS—Ham, 13½@14c; picnic hams, 10c; Atlanta ham, 10½c; New York, shoulder, 10c.

BACON—Ex. Lt. S. C. bacon, 16c; light S. C. bacon, 15½c; med. bacon, 14½c; clear light, 14c; clear ex. light, 13½c.

BEEF—Extra Family, bbl, \$13.50; do, hf-bbl, \$7.00; Family Beef, bbl, \$13.00; do, hf-bbl, \$6.75.

PORK—Dry Salted Clear Sides, heavy, 11½c; do, light, 12c; do, Bellies, 12@12½c; Extra Clear, bbls, \$24.00; hf-bbls, \$12.25; Soused Pigs' Feet, hf-bbls, \$4.00; do, kits, \$1.00.

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BOYS THAT SELL AT

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Leave orders at Office in Merriam Block. P. O. Box 75.

H. & Pymire, M. D. SURGEON, W. M. CO.

OFFICE HOURS—1 to 4, and 6:30 to 7:30 p. m.

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For the Celebrated Beers of the

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—AND—
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PATENTS

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The Real Thing.

A Genuine Wayside Inn.

Admirably situated in a beautiful grove on the old San Bruno Bay Road, the finest driveway out of San Francisco.

Where you will find the choicest refreshments, both solid and liquid, the San Francisco market affords.

Where comfort and good cheer are dispensed with a cordial hospitality.

Call, see it, and sample the good things, and you will come again.

W. R. MARK, Proprietor.

J. L. WOOD, Carpenter and General Jobbing Work.

Estimates Made, Plans Drawn.

Orders Solicited.—
South San Francisco, Cal.

ARMOUR HOTEL.

Table and Accommodations the Best in the City.

Finest Wines, Liquors and Cigars.

Bowling Alley and Summer Garden in Connection with the Hotel.

German Bakery and Confectionery

Fresh Bread, Cakes and Pies delivered at any hour of every day. Fancy Cakes and Ice Cream made to order. Genuine French Bread baked every day.

HENRY MICHENFELDER, Proprietor.

SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.



First-Class Stock

BOOTS : and : SHOES,

Constantly on hand and for sale Below City Prices.

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No ADVANCE PREMIUM or unnecessary expense.

GEO. W. LOVIE, Secretary,
Redwood City, Cal.

POINTS ON WRITING.

CORRECT STATIONERY AND HOW TO USE IT.

Some Things to Avoid in Social Correspondence—Punctuation Almost a Lost Art—What to Do When Replying to Invitations and Letters.

In social correspondence never under-score, never be effusive, leave out strong adjectives, and do not indulge in excessive compliments. All are bad form and break some of the longest established rules of social life.

Leave out excuses. A simple explanation of any fault or lack of accomplishment is much more satisfactory and convincing than a score of pages of excuses.

Write plainly. This injunction seems unnecessary, but the proportion of people who write plainly is painfully small, and where one must decipher writing as blind as Sanskrit the pleasure of receiving a letter is materially decreased. It requires a little more care to write plainly, but it is amply repaid.

Never use the typewriter in social correspondence. It is cold, inhuman and machine-made. The warm note, written by hand, and coming straight from the hand that wrote it, is received with much more pleasure.

It would seem unnecessary to speak of punctuation, yet there are too few who understand that it is quite as important to punctuate a letter as it is to properly punctuate a manuscript. The rules are such as every one should have learned at school, but evidently many did not. Punctuation is essential to an understanding of the writer's meaning.

Promptness in replying is most important. All invitations should be answered within twenty-four hours, and the question of attendance definitely settled. The answer should always be addressed to the person in whose name the invitation or note is sent.

If a joint note is sent by husband and wife the answer should always be sent to the hostess. If several individuals are named, the one first mentioned in the invitation should be addressed. Formal invitations can be mailed now with perfect propriety. Formerly they were delivered by messenger.

These rules are binding upon all friends and social observances require that the notes be sent immediately. A bride should write notes thanking all who send her presents. A guest after returning home should announce safe arrival and express pleasure received from the visit.

Proper forms in closing a letter are: "Most cordially yours," "Very sincerely yours," "Very truly yours." The word "yours" should always be included, and usually comes last. At least, that is the more correct form.

"Respectfully yours" should never be used between persons of similar social standing. It is allowable in addressing an older person or one in a higher station in business.

The abbreviated forms are to be avoided, and "I remain" is an abomination which ought never to occur.

In addressing the envelope avoid all eccentricities. Write the address straight across and follow with the other lines beneath in the form of stairs. Space words evenly and write plainly, possibly a trifle closer than in the letter. The sole object should be to make the address as legible as possible and thus facilitate the letter's transmission.—New York Daily Mail.

SOME ECCENTRIC RAILWAYS.

Remarkable Engineering Feats on Roads in Russia and Peru.

As the iron track is bound to force its way into most corners of the world, it is not surprising that some lines of railway exist which are striking evidence of a singularly bold conception carried out in the face of obstacles which seemed almost insurmountable. Sometimes the route of a future line lies across a desert; then the great law of the "compensation of nature" seems to make itself felt, for to balance the saving of time and money due to the fact that long tunnels will not have to be cut through hills or mountains the engineers are confronted by the total absence of three essential elements of construction, namely, wood, iron and water, which have to be transported along the newly laid line as it stretches its slow length across the desert.

Russia's Trans-Caspian Railway, now known as the Central Asian Railway, was built under these conditions. Thousands of logs of timber were needed, and the region traversed cannot boast of a single tree for more than 700 miles. This timber was required for building the long bridge, two miles in length, over the River Amu-Daria.

This bridge was always the weak point in that highly important railway, and it has been replaced by a stone bridge. Between Merv and Charjui the line had to be carried over shifting sands sixty-four feet deep. When the work is being carried out in such regions the wagon trains become a little town on wheels. They are composed of two-story wagons, which contain sleeping accommodation, butchers' stalls, canteens, grocers' stores and forges. As the Trans-Siberian Railway grew in length it was resolved by the authorities that the workmen should have their own "church car." A wagon was fitted up accordingly as a church, with a little peal of bells in the alcove above the entrance.

The romance of mountain railways by no means ends with their construction, and traveling upon railways at a very high altitude is not a thing to be desired. The Peruvian line running from Callao to Oroya has a twofold claim to distinction—it is built at probably the greatest altitude of any existing railway, namely, 15,000 feet above the sea level—and affords travelers certainly the most unpleasant "experience de voyage" that can be imagined. As the result of traveling at such an altitude the passengers begin by feeling great oppression, accompanied by pains in the head and limbs; these are quickly followed by bleeding from the nose and mouth and then by momentary blindness.

It is gratifying to know that there is a certain variety in the effects produced upon passengers at this point, says the London Globe. Thus, while some persons are seized with giddiness, others entertain strange hallucinations and others faint away; the last class become so weak that any undue exertion on their part often proves fatal. But this is not all that one has to undergo on the Callao and Oroya Line. In due course the skin becomes irritable and sores break out, while the lips swell and then crack.

A MOST CURIOUS CRIME.

Austrian Doctor Robs His Own House, Tells Police and Commits Suicide.

A crime of a remarkable and novel character came to light in Vienna, Austria, recently. Dr. Tomka, a well-known medical writer, and an aurist, with a large practice at Budapest, left his home during Christmas week and came with his wife to Vienna. When he returned he discovered that his house had been broken into and that jewels and papers to the value of 190,000 crowns had been taken from the safe. In itself the opening of the safe was a masterpiece of the housebreaker's art. In the upper part no fewer than sixty holes were bored, the layer of ashes was removed and a similar number of holes was placed in the second plate. In addition to all the valuable papers eight oil paintings were taken, but a collection of rare anatomical preparations was entirely destroyed.

Later the papers were discovered by the police. Securities belonging to Dr. Tomka had been sold in Vienna while their owner was in the Austrian capital. The police telegraphed to the physician to come here and explain matters. Dr. Tomka left his own residence, but instead of going to the railroad station he entered a strange house in a retired street and threw himself out of a fourth-story window. Death was instantaneous. He left behind a letter stating that nervous troubles had driven him to suicide, but doubts quickly arose as to the accuracy of this statement.

It appears that Dr. Tomka had insured his property against burglary for 200,000 crowns, so that in any case he would have lost nothing. Further researches in Budapest and Vienna revealed the fact that he had broken into his own house and sold his securities in Vienna, having disguised himself with a false beard. He at once reported his alleged loss to the police and the insurance office. On perceiving the suspicions of the police he committed suicide. The doctor, who was only lately married, was wealthy and respected. Conjecture is busy, says the London Telegraph's Vienna correspondent, in suggesting motives for the crime, but up to the present the real cause remains unknown.

SAVED BY HER RED CLOAK.

Little Child Stood in Center of Track Until Train Stopped.

Engineer David Whittell was bringing Burlington train No. 186 from Lyons to Denver recently when he had an experience that proved no slight shock to his nerves. It was a heavy freight carrying stone and coal. At a rapid pace the engineer was guiding it into Lafayette. The grade permits of high speed and No. 186 was making time, flashing past mine buildings and a few houses scattered on the outskirts of the town.

Rounding a curve W. J. Fickler, who was acting as brakeman and was riding in the cab, grabbed Whittell's arm. From the cab window Fickler had seen a red flag, the signal of danger, waving down the track. The distance was probably 800 feet. The engineer with all haste applied the air and reversed the lever. The heavy train responded with a jar and a rumble, and sliding with ever decreasing speed, came to a stop within twenty feet of a little child, a girl about 2 years of age, wearing a red cloak with a lace collar.

The child was standing between the rails, as if rooted there, gazing at the locomotive with the liveliest curiosity. It was the color of the cloak, a mere speck of red in the converging lines of steel, that had saved her from death under the wheels. As the train was slowing up Whittell gave the whistle leeway, and with hoarse screams and the bell tried to frighten the child into a realization of her danger. There was a horrible fear in the hearts of both men that the train would not stop in time.

The whistle attracted the attention of the inmates of a miner's house near the track. A woman ran swiftly to the track, says the Denver Republican, seized the child in the red cloak, kissed it as she hugged it to her breast, burst into weeping as she carried her lustily crying burden down the steep embankment. She forgot to thank the train crew, but that didn't matter. They were used to stopping at signals.

More Confusion in Kansas.

A Kansas boy began talking at the age of 3 weeks.

They continue to get things awfully twisted in Kansas. That isn't the sex that talks.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Sweets do not agree with old stomachs.

SALARY \$3 A WEEK.

PHILADELPHIA BUSINESS MAN WANTS A STENOGRAPHER.

Satirical Reply Addressed by an Unknown Man to the Merchant Who Desired a First-Class Clerk at Wages Befitting an Office Boy.

The following is not only interesting but amusing. It is a letter written by a young man to a Philadelphia merchant who advertised in the Philadelphia Ledger for an experienced stenographer and typewriter at \$3 per week. It is no joke, but a fact. It shows with charming naïveté how employers seek experienced men at office boys' salaries; and the rebuke in the reply is good-natured and humorous but, also, stinging. The reply to the advertisement in the Ledger was as follows: B. 203 Ledger Office:

Dear Sir—I beg to offer myself as an applicant for the position advertised in this morning's Ledger. I am a young man, 37 years of age, having had a business experience of twenty-three years, being connected with the United States embassy at Madagascar for some time, and feel confident, if you will give me a trial, I can prove my worth to you. I am not only an expert bookkeeper, proficient stenographer and typewriter, excellent telegraph operator and erudite college professor, but have several other accomplishments which might make me more desirable than ordinary mortals. I am an experienced snow-shoveler, a first-class corn-husker and peanut roaster, have some knowledge of removing superfluous hair and clipping puppy dog's ears, and a medal for reciting "Curfew shall not ring to-night," am a skillful chirologist and practical farmer, can cook, take care of horses, crease trousers, open oysters and repair umbrellas, and am also the champion plug-tobacco chewer of Pennsylvania, my spitting record being thirty-nine feet six inches.

Being possessed of great physical beauty, I would not only be useful but ornamental as well, lending to the sacred precincts of your office that delightful artistic charm that a Satsuma vase or a stuffed billygoat would. My whiskers being quite luxuriant and extensive, my face could be used as a doormat, pen-wiper or feather duster. I can furnish high recommendations from Chauncey M. Depew, Jacob S. Coxey, Kaiser Wilhelm, Captain Clark, the prime minister to Dahomey, the dog-catcher-general of Timbuctoo and the Akkooher of Swat. As to salary, I would feel I was robbing the widowed of bread and swiping sponge cake from the orphaned if I was to take advantage of your munificence by accepting the fabulous sum of \$3 per week. I would be entirely willing to give my services for less, and by accepting \$1.37 it would not only give me a clear conscience, but would also give you an opportunity of increasing your donation to the church, pay your butcher's bill, keep up your life insurance, found a home for indigent fly-paper salesmen and endow a free bed in the Cat home. Really, old man, your unheard-of charity borders on the supernatural, and, to the ordinary mind, appears like reckless extravagance.

I can call to see you any Saturday night after 11 o'clock, or can be seen any Sunday morning in the choir loft of our church (Broad and Dock streets), where I am at present employed as first assistant organ-blower and understudy of the janitor. Hopefully yours, SOCRATES M'GOO, 4-11-14 Ramcat Alley.

P. S.—Now, honestly, what kind of a man do you expect for \$3 per week? Do you want one made of tin, or would a nice, juicy, newly laid putty gentleman fill the bill?

WAS OF DISPOSING MIND.

Dying Man Had a Will Drawn with Great Care, but Hadn't a Cent.

"There is a great deal in drawing a will," explained a well-known lawyer the other day, "but there is a great deal more in having something to will. Some years ago I was sent for hurriedly to visit a man in Providence Hospital for the purpose of preparing a will for him. It was on a Decoration Day and I was very anxious to hurry it up, as I was on the program to deliver a Decoration Day address that afternoon.

"I found the man in a sound and disposing mind, perfectly competent to make a will, and was told that he had considerable money, which he had amassed in a hotel and in grocery business in this city. Personally I did not know him, but he told me that my partner in former years had done a great deal of law business for him and I afterward found that this was a fact.

"The first thing he divided up was an immense tract of land in Beaumont County, Texas, the place where since coal oil has been found in such great quantities. He gave 500 acres of land to each of his four children. He next dictated very carefully how some securities, bonds and other papers of commercial value should be divided up among his children and his sister, each getting about \$60,000 in the will. Then he divided up some Washington property, giving a house to each of his children and a house to Sayles J. Bowen, a former Mayor of this city, on account of intimate political and personal friendship. His personal property, funds in bank and the like, he said, should be divided up among those he had mentioned share and share alike, as far as value was concerned.

"By this time I had about concluded to send word out to the Soldiers' Home Cemetery, where I was to deliver the address, regretting my inability to be there, when he, noticing that I was anxious about it, excused me from re-

maining with him longer, stating that if I would write out the will that afternoon and bring it to him he would sign it. As I was leaving he asked me to put in \$5,000 for Providence Hospital and \$1,000 as a personal gift to each of three of the Sisters there who had been very kind to him during his illness, and \$500 to two fellow patients who were in the ward with him.

"I got away in time to keep my cemetery engagement, but as soon as I got back I went to work on the will, getting it in shape about 4 o'clock in the afternoon. On taking the will up to him to sign that evening I found he had failed very rapidly as far as physical strength was concerned, though mentally he was perfectly able to understand the paper which I read him, and was also able to sit up and sign it. The witnesses I got in the hospital. I was instructed to keep the will and to file it in the Probate Court when necessary. I have never found it to be necessary since, though the old gentleman died the next day.

"It turned out that all his wealth was imaginary, and he had not a cent in the world," said the lawyer, according to the Washington Star. "He had been a wealthy man, and at one time owned all the property he willed, or supposed he willed, but they had long before passed out of his control and ownership. Providence Hospital was not a cent richer by his munificence, and the Sisters named never got a penny. The children did not have enough to bury him. I had a hard day's work of it, and, besides my time, lost \$5 which I paid a hackman to hurry me out to the Soldiers' Home Cemetery and back to write the will. He was of a disposing mind all right, but he had nothing to dispose."

HYDERABAD CITY.

No European Ever Sleeps Within Its Walls.

Hyderabad City, the home of the Nizam, was built many centuries ago in a valley surrounded by the most remarkable scenery in all the world. Countless ages past, volcanic convulsions hurled up gigantic masses of granite, known now in geological language as "Deccan Trap." Millions of monsoons have slowly washed away the soil and left these rounded rocks upstanding, poised on each other's shoulders and balanced by an imperceptible curve or cup. The stone is now largely quarried and in the cold season does good service, but, once the summer sun asserts itself, the primeval heat of mother earth, from whose great central depths these boulders tore their way to freedom with earthquake force, becomes a mass of blazing heat, on which even natives cannot stand and whose touch raises blisters on European skin, says a correspondent of the Pittsburgh Gazette.

The city is entered from nine gates port-cullised over deep moats and every vestige of Western life is absolutely excluded. No European ever sleeps within its walls, and visitors, armed with a permit, curious to view this barbaric monument of oriental life, enter with awe and misgivings. All words or gestures which might be construed as antagonistic must be suppressed and should any motive inimical to the native safety be suspected a head man utters the one word, "At-tack!" The victim is surrounded and is never seen again.

The city is guarded by the Nizam's two armies, the regulars and irregulars, and to the latter, savage, blood-thirsty Asiatics, armed with swords, knives, bludgeons and huge revolvers, protruding from their bulky belts, it is that this congenial task is assigned.

Peril of Slumming.

Coroner Zucca is strongly opposed to "slumming." Asked why he was so opposed to the fad, the coroner said: "Not many days ago the police raided an opium joint, and one of these arrested was a young woman who was a member of an excellent family. She occupied a bunk and was stupid from the fumes of the pipe she had been smoking. That girl but a few years ago had visited Chinatown for the first time with a slumming party.

"Just for fun, she 'hit the pipe,'" continued the coroner, according to the New York Times. "Her friends thought it a good joke and watched her. She did not particularly like the smoke, but the drug exercised a strange fascination over her. It lingered in her mind for days, and, finally, one night, she slipped away from home and indulged again. Again and again this was done, until, at last, she became a confirmed victim to the opium habit. Her family discovered her secret, and made repeated efforts to cure her, but failed, and finally gave her up.

"And the girl said: 'It was that slumming party that ruined my life. Why do not the authorities prevent such practices. Slumming should not be allowed, for it will cause others to fall as it has me.' That is why I am opposed to slumming."

No Words Missing.

"Dear me!" exclaimed Mrs. Dropin, as she heard Mr. Sputter swearing in the next room. "What dreadful language!"

"I hope you won't mind it," replied Mrs. Sputter. "My husband is merely giving an imitation of a missing-word contest without any words missing."—Ohio State Journal.

The Mean Man!

Mrs. Scraggington—If somebody should threaten to abduct me and hold me for a ransom, what would you do? Mr. Scraggington—Laugh like thunder.—Smart Set.

It no doubt often occurs to a woman whose husband and children are easily ruffled, that her mission in this world is the same as that of a bottle of soothing syrup.

TABLES OF RISKS B. C.

Ancient Schemes of Justice Based on Accident Insurance Systems.

Accident insurance companies base their awards on systems of statistics that are supposed to be the outgrowth of highly modern research. All companies of any importance support a highly paid staff of experts, whose sole duty is to figure out what a man's left leg, or three fingers on a child's hand may be worth to him. The wonderful maze of figures which is necessary to these computations to an ordinary mind would be as staggering as the higher calculus to a boy in common fractions. The expert can figure the precise difference in the risks of a railroad man in Texas and those of a lady teaching school in Boston. His tables take account of habit, temperament, diet, climate, occupation and various other conditioning circumstances.

All this is supposed to be the outcome of scientific investigation reaching back only some fifty years, but though the method may be new, the idea of paying for injuries according to a carefully adjusted scale is old, and was practiced in England and Germany long before Caesar conquered Gaul.

When those early globe trotters, the Phoenicians, returned from venturesome trips along the west coast of Europe and told strange stories of a strange people who were giants in size and had light hair, these same blonde giants practiced elaborate schemes of justice that were based on tables of risks. They did not rate the price of a man as high as he may rate himself in a modern insurance company; he was worth in Saxon computations about 100 shillings; if he lost an arm or a leg he could make the offender pay him something like 50 shillings, while a severe wound might bring him 30 shillings. To-day an arm or a leg is worth usually about \$1,500 and a wound varies in proportion to its severity and to the closeness of the friendship with the attending physician.

Ears in those old days were looked upon rather in the light of superfluous ornaments, and the loss of one brought 12 pence in compensation, while, strange to say, you could indulge your wrath by biting off an enemy's thumb, if he would permit, at not greater expense. A finger was marked down yet 2 pence lower.

The insurance expert is the life of the company, and his theories and figures are part of the boast of civilization, but the idea of these piecemeal estimates originated with the Teutons.

PAPER MILL IN TONKIN.



In the matter of making and using paper we are not in line with the Chinese and other Asiatics, who not only make the finest paper in the world, but apply it to all sorts of uses, making window panes, fans, umbrellas, sandals, and even cloaks and other garments of it. The art of making paper from mulberry bast is said to have been invented in China in the second century B. C. Afterward bamboo shoots, straw, grass and other materials were also used. The manufacture spread to the adjacent countries.

The Arabs learned it in Samarcand, and their learned men carefully kept secret the process by which they made paper for their own use. The crusades made Europe acquainted with the art, and the first paper mill in Germany dates from the twelfth century. To this day the process of papermaking in the East is simple and apparently crude, the fibers being torn apart with the fingers and the pulp pressed in some such primitive contrivance as the one here illustrated.

Ghosts.

It is a remarkable thing that while men have talked of ghosts since the witch of Endor frightened Saul and the old man "promissa barba horrentis capillo" failed to frighten the Athenian philosopher, mankind has come to no agreement as to whether there is such a thing as a ghost at all. Even Dr. Oliver Lodge, who addressed the Society for Psychical Research recently, leaves the question unsettled. In effect he asks: "What do you mean by a ghost?"

In one sense ghostly manifestations are as common as bicycles and few people are without experience of some instance of thought transmission or subconscious knowledge manifested especially in a state of trance, and at present quite outside our knowledge of natural law. But have ghosts objective reality or, to avoid straying into metaphysics and raising the ghost of Bishop Berkeley, we will put it thus: Is there a ghost which has the convincing presence of a motor car, so that a million onlookers would swear that it was there? That is the question which is the business of the society's "investigation," and it is curious that it should still remain a question.—London Chronicle.

LITERARY LITTLEBITS

"David Harum" has proved itself a phenomenal seller, the sales having reached the enormous total of 650,000 copies.

Edna Lyall says it is not uncommon for her to have fifty books at least by way of preparation in writing. "I do not say I read them all thoroughly," she adds, "but I poke about in them."

The first edition of Miss Johnson's "Audrey" was 125,000 copies, of which the publishers, Houghton, Mifflin & Co., had already, one week before publication day, received orders for 97,000 copies.

It is timely to note that Rev. Dr. Edward Everett Hale's "Man Without a Country" has passed the half million mark. To-day there is scarcely a school library in the land which does not have this American classic on its shelves.

The name of Miss Mildred Howells, daughter of William Dean Howells, is attached to a book called "A Little Girl Among the Old Masters." Mr. Howells wrote down the little girl's impressions of famous painters and she illustrated them with her pencils.

The life of the paper covered books that collect on everybody's hands, and among which are found a few that one would like to keep, may be prolonged by this process: Cut a piece of gingham or print a trifle larger than the cover. Paste it to the covers and trim the edges. Dry under a weight and letter the title on the cover. The cloth should be one piece.

It seems that after all the religious novel is the one that retains its hold on the public, and is therefore the best investment for a publisher. Quite likely the reason is, that many people who have doubts about reading a regular novel have no scruples as to stories of a religious nature. Figures show this. The "Prince of the House of David," by Bishop J. H. Ingraham, has had an enormous sale, and so has "Ben Hur," with its sales still increasing. Dr. Van Dyke's "The Other Wise Man" sold better last year than it has in any year since its publication.

"In Tales of the Cloister," by Miss Elizabeth G. Jordan, there is one story, "The Girl that Was," in which the Catholic "Cross of Honor" figures prominently. The significance of this is very interesting. Miss Jordan, who is a graduate of Notre Dame, Milwaukee, received this much-prized order. Its possessor is entitled to special privileges all over the land. Wherever she may find herself, the Cross of Honor will permit her to enter any American convent, however strictly guarded. Wherever this cross is shown the wearer is greeted as a sister. Miss Jordan was for ten years on the editorial staff of the New York World, and is now editor of Harper's Bazar.

HER 111TH BIRTHDAY.

Aged Brooklyn Colored Woman Who Saw Washington.

Sitting in a rocking chair, puffing at an old clay pipe, Mary Ann Van Dyke, familiarly known as "Auntie" Van Dyke, of Brooklyn, recently celebrated her 111th birthday. Friends, white and black, visited the venerable old woman and extended their congratulations at her home, 1808½ Atlantic avenue, Brooklyn.

She is enjoying excellent health, and was delighted at the thought that she was entering on another year. She told her friends that she attributed her long life to the kindness of her good old master, Isaac Cortelyou, on whose farm she was born and reared in the old village of New Utrecht, near the site of Fort Hamilton.

When a child, "Auntie" says she saw General Washington ride up to Master Cortelyou's house, in New Utrecht, on a fine gray horse. General Washington she said, dined with her master. She described him as a handsome man, of dignified and courtly bearing.

Since 1875 she has lived with Mrs. Sarah Brown, at her present home, and her declining years have been made as comfortable as possible. She is still able to walk about, but is somewhat feeble, and the sight of her left eye is impaired. She tottered downstairs the other afternoon, says the New York Herald, to pose for her picture at the front door of her home, and several times insisted that her position be changed, so she could be photographed at her best. Of the few presents received, "Auntie" was pleased most by a pouch of good tobacco.

Japanese Growing Taller.

The increase of stature among the Japanese is very perceptible, and the subject of tepid and even cold water for the hot baths among many of the people is responsible for an increasing floridity of the complexion. Athletic development during the past twenty years has also added greater avoidance of diet and abstention from parboiling is bringing its reward in an accumulation of muscle and tissue.

An Ideal Church.

Mrs. Newcome—Yes, our new house is delightful, and there's such a nice church right near it.

Mrs. Moven—Indeed? What denomination?

Mrs. Newcome—I declare I don't know, but the pews are so arranged that you can see every one who comes in without the slightest trouble.—Philadelphia Press.

The biggest talked on earth does not tell all he knows.

100 Doses For One Dollar

Economy in medicine must be measured by two things—cost and effect. It cannot be measured by either alone. It is greatest in that medicine that does the most for the money—that radically and permanently cures at the least expense. That medicine is

Hood's Sarsaparilla

It purifies and enriches the blood, cures pimples, eczema and all eruptions, tired, languid feelings, loss of appetite and general debility.

"I have taken Hood's Sarsaparilla and found it reliable and giving perfect satisfaction. It takes away that tired feeling, gives energy and puts the blood in good condition." Miss Effie Colosse, 1335 10th Street, N. W., Washington, D. C.

Hood's Sarsaparilla promises to cure and keeps the promise.

When you are rising you must expect to have arrows of envy thrown upon you. They will come from people sitting in the shade.

I am sure Puro's Cure for Consumption saved my life three years ago.—Mrs. Thos. Robbins, Maple Street, Norwich, N. Y., Feb. 17, 1900.

Bills payable any time—those due your editor.

\$100 REWARD, \$100.

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its cures that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials.

Address, F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists, 75c. Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Something we all forget—that we once were children.

ADAMS SARSAPARILLA PILLS. A grand medicine to purify the blood. They cure Constipation, Biliousness, Dyspepsia, Sick Headaches. 10c, 25c.

The person without some education in this day is in a sad plight.

Mem. for Good Health. Today drink some "Castlewood" Bourbon, or Rye Whiskey. Highest grade, Kentucky goods. Cartan, McCarthy & Co., sole distributors, San Francisco.

Changing from one party to another to get office is easier with some men than to change undershirts.

Hamlin's Wizard Oil banishes pain; it does it a thousand times every day, and has for over forty years!

By instinct the bees build the drone cells at the lower end of the comb.

Shake Into Your Shoes Allen's Foot-Powder. It cures painful, swollen, smarting, nervous feet, and instantly takes the sting out of corns and bunions. At all Drug Stores. Address, Allen S. Olmsted, Leno, N. Y.

Try and not slide backward at all, but gain a peg each day.

There is nothing in the world more delightful than a drink of good whiskey—and Gilt Edge is good whiskey. It makes you feel good, but it does not make a fool of you. Sold everywhere. Wickham, Lutgen & Co., San Francisco, Cal. Sole proprietors.

Bacchus is the creator of the almshouse, the asylum and the prison.

Heed the Red Flag of Danger! Red pimples, blotches, boils, sores are danger signals of torpid liver, poisoned blood. Cascarets Candy Cathartic will save you. All druggists, 10c, 25c, 50c.

How to cure the blues—work them away.

Permanently Cured. No fits or nervousness after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. Send for FREE 24 trial bottle and treatise. Dr. R. H. Kline, Ltd., 261 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Holland has 10,100 windmills, each of which drains 310 acres of land at an average cost of one shilling an acre a year.

ADAMS SARSAPARILLA PILLS. Small, delicious, chocolate coated pellets for Constipation, Biliousness, Sick-headaches, Dyspepsia, Etc. 10c, 25c box. At all drug stores.

Mothers will find Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup the best remedy to use for their children during the teething period.

In the jungles of Sumatra large spiders are found. Some 8 inches across the back and have 17 inches of leg spread.

Bronchitis

"I have kept Ayer's Cherry Pectoral in my house for a great many years. It is the best medicine in the world for coughs and colds."

J. C. Williams, Attica, N. Y.

All serious lung troubles begin with a tickling in the throat. You can stop this at first in a single night with Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. Use it also for bronchitis, consumption, hard colds, and for coughs of all kinds.

Three sizes: 25c, 50c, \$1. All druggists.

Consult your doctor. If he says take it, then do as he says. If he tells you not to take it, then don't take it. He knows. Leave it with him. We are willing. J. C. AYER & CO., Lowell, Mass.

REASONS FOR PRUNING TREES.

If one were asked for specific directions as to how to prune a fruit tree it would be unsafe for him to answer without having first seen the tree. No dogmatic rules can be given, though a generalization might be ventured. Each tree requires different treatment. Each tree presents a new set of problems to be solved by the pruner. Different reasons exist as to why a certain tree should receive peculiar treatment or pruning different from that given another of the same age, variety and growth. The chief reasons for pruning are as follows:

1. To modify the vigor of the plant.
2. To produce larger and better fruit.
3. To keep the tree within manageable shape and limits.
4. To change the habit of the tree from fruit to wood production, or vice versa.
5. To remove surplus or injured parts.
6. To facilitate harvesting and spraying.
7. To facilitate tillage.
8. To train plants to some desired form.

The trained horticulturist no more thinks of neglecting pruning than of omitting spraying. He places a high estimate upon these operations, for he knows what they mean to him in dollars and in cents and in the longevity of his orchard's usefulness.—Mirror and Farmer.

FERTILE EGGS.

I see a great deal in print about how long after mating hens with a male before eggs are fertile. On March 20th, I mated nine Rose Combed Brown Leghorn hens with a high scoring cockerel. On the 21st, one egg out of five was fertile; on the 22d, one out of five; on the 23d, two out of six; on the 24th, two out of five, and on the 25th, five out of six were fertile. The hens had not been previously mated. In February, I mated eleven Black Langshan hens and began to save the eggs for incubators two days afterwards. And in about ten days placed all I had received in one of my incubators and only one egg tested out as infertile.—Dakota Farmer.



A DOOR TO HUMANITY.

ST. JACOBS OIL

cures the most difficult cases of Rheumatism—after every other form of treatment has failed.

St. Jacobs Oil never fails.

IT CONQUERS PAIN

Price, 25c and 50c.

SPRING CARE OF EWES.

Plenty of good feed and exercise with protection from bad storms bring sheep through the winter in good condition, and that is the proper preparation to a successful crop of lambs, says Max Chapman in the Farmer's Review. Give the ewes the right kind of a chance and they will do their part. Do not stop the dry feed too soon, for it will be some time before the grass has sufficient nutriment in it to keep the sheep healthy and strong. Many flockmasters think that sheep must necessarily go back in condition for some time after the grass comes, but not so if the dry feed is not stopped too soon. No pasture field is complete without a good sized rape patch in it, well manured every other year, and a temporary fence around it, so that the sheep can not get at it until the middle of June. Plow the ground and sow rape as soon as warm weather comes, so that oats could be sowed. Sheep can never do their best unless a constant supply of salt and pure water is afforded them. Shear early, but keep them out of the cold spring air and rains afterward. Watch the ewes closely at lambing time; it will pay, for many a lamb and often a ewe is saved.

BEE NOTES.

Pollen is just as essential to brood rearing as honey. An apiary is best on the south or east side of a slope. Store honey in a warm, dry place to hinder granulation. The worker brood in the comb has a very even and regular appearance. All queenless colonies should be united with colonies having good queens. The workers are dwarfed female bees. They never become impregnated.

YARNS FROM ERIN.

The Absurdities That Are Born of Irish Simplicity.

Here are a few samples of the absurdities arising out of the extreme simplicity of some Irish folk:

A young man came to confess to an Irish priest in London whose experiences of the humors of his fellow countrymen would fill a book. "Well, my man," said the priest, "and how do you earn your living?" "I'm an acrobat, your reverence." The priest was nonplused. "I'll show ye what I mean in a brace of shakes," said the penitent, and in a moment was turning himself inside out in the most approved acrobatic fashion in and out of the pews.

An old woman who had followed him to confession looked on horrified. "When it comes to my turn, father," she gasped, "for the love of God don't put a penance on me like that. It 'ud be the death of me!"

I think it was the same good father who, observing the regular attendance at a Lent mission had done nothing to reform one of his parishioners, told him so and asked him the reason of it. "Ah, father," he replied, "I can manage the faith right enough, but the morals bate me."

On another occasion this priest was called upon to marry a man of whom he knew nothing to a girl of his congregation. On investigation he found the would be bridegroom's knowledge of the Catholic faith very limited.

"Have you ever been baptized?" he asked. "Well, father, I can't trust me memory to that." "Are your parents living?" "The mother is." "Let's have her address." This was given and a telegram dispatched to the old lady on the spot, reply paid. The answer came in due course, "Vaccinated, but not baptized."—A Kerry Man in London Spectator.

Burmese Ambition.

The highest ambition of a Burman's life is to build a pagoda, by which he wins the title of Kyang Taga during this incarnation and secures a mortgage on Nirvana. A Burman does not become a Christian easily, but when he does he brings with him the conviction he had as a Buddhist that to build a place of worship is the most meritorious act of a man's life.

This accounts for the present cathedral of Mandalay, built at a cost of 60,000 rupees by Kyang Taga Paul Obon, a Burmese ruby merchant of that city. The old church of Amarapura was built by an Armanian and the two churches of the Tennessee coast by a gentleman named De Castro.

Many of the 700 and more chapels and churches throughout Burma are built of jungle wood, which is destroyed in a few years by the white ants. To replace them by teak or pyinkado, not to speak of modest structures, is a matter of hope with every priest, but in their straitened finances they do the best they can and pray for Kyang Tagas to come along.—Donahoe's Magazine.

A Hard Domestic Knot.

"I'm in a deuce of a fix. My wife's got the telephone craze."

"Well?"

"If I put one in, she'll swear I'm sweet on the telephone girl."

"Certainly."

"And if I don't, she'll say it's because I'm afraid the thing'll expose my duplicity."—Baltimore News.

Rubbing It In.

Borem (11:57 p. m.)—When I was a child, my nurse made me afraid of the dark.

Miss Cutting—Oh, that accounts for it.

Borem—Accounts for what?

Miss Cutting—You are waiting till daylight so you can go home.—Chicago News.

No Sympathy There.

"I am going to marry your daughter, sir," said the positive young man to the father.

"Well, you don't need to come to me for sympathy," replied the father. "I have troubles of my own."—Ohio State Journal.

Not Too Liberal.

Parishoner—The people are complaining that you are too liberal.

Unorthodox Pastor—Oh, that's a mistake, my dear sir, a great mistake. I am just as stingy as the rest of you.

—New York Weekly.

ABSOLUTE SECURITY.

Genuine

Carter's Little Liver Pills.

Must Bear Signature of

Wm. Wood

See Fac-Simile Wrapper Below.

Very small and as easy to take as sugar.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS. FOR HEADACHE. FOR DIZZINESS. FOR BILIOUSNESS. FOR TORPID LIVER. FOR CONSTIPATION. FOR SALLOW SKIN. FOR THE COMPLEXION.

Price 25c. 50c. \$1.00. Purely Vegetable.

CURE SICK HEADACHE.

Sick Women

Mrs. Valentine Tells How Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Cured Her.

Happiness will go out of your life forever, my sister, if you have any of the symptoms mentioned in Mrs. Valentine's letter, unless you act promptly. Procure Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound at once. It is absolutely sure to help you. Then write for advice if there is anything about your case you do not understand.

You need not be afraid to tell the things you could not explain to the doctor—your letter will be seen only by women. All the persons who see private letters at Mrs. Pinkham's Laboratory, at Lynn, Mass., are women. All letters are confidential and advice absolutely free.

Here is the letter:—"It is with pleasure that I add my testimony to your list, hoping it may induce others to avail themselves of the benefit of your valuable remedy. Before taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound I felt very badly, was terribly nervous, and I had taken half a bottle of your medicine, I found myself improving. I continued its use until I had taken four bottles, and felt so well that I did not need to take any more. I am like a new person, and your medicine shall always have my praise."—Mrs. W. P. VALENTINE, 566 Ferry Avenue, Camden, N.J.

\$5000 will be paid if this testimonial is not genuine.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Medicine Co.

Licking Thumbs to Bind a Contract.

Goths and Iberians completed an agreement by licking and joining their thumbs, as Scotsmen once did and Moors still do, and rustic lovers once betrothed themselves by licking their respective master fingers and then pressing them together as they vowed to remain faithful to each other forever and a day. Even now an Ulster man signifies his assent to a proposition with "We may lick thumbs up to that!" if he does not suit the action to the word like the lieutenant who in 1642, on being challenged to mortal combat by his own sergeant, accepted the duel by licking his thumb, saying, "There is my parole for it."—Chambers' Journal.

Physical Formation of Mexico.

Mexico possesses a curious physical formation. Rising rapidly by a succession of terraces from the low, sandy coasts on the east and west, it culminates in a central plateau, running in a northwesterly and southeasterly direction and having an elevation varying from 4,000 to 8,000 feet above the sea. High above this plateau tower the snow capped crests of several volcanoes, most of which are extinct. Ten of them are over 12,000 feet in height, and three look down upon fertile valleys from altitudes of 17,782, 17,356 and 16,090. These are Popocatepetl, Orizaba and Ixtaccihuatl.

The Canary Household.

To insure the hatching of canaries' eggs more nearly at one time the first eggs are sometimes taken away by the fanciers and replaced by artificial ones, all being put back in the nest when the bird ceases to lay. While she is sitting the prospective father lives up to his responsibilities and devotes his time to seeing that his mate does her duty, and when she leaves her nest, if she shows an inclination to dally, sharp pecks drive her back.

Pass It Off Glibly.

If at a dinner party you happen to upset a glass of claret over your fair neighbor's white satin dress, smile pleasantly and say:

"Ah, it is always a sign of wet when the glass falls."

You will be forgiven and in all probability invited by her papa to dine with him on Sunday.

One Way to Cut Brass.

To cut sheet brass chemically the following method meets with great success: Make a strong solution of bichloride of mercury in alcohol. With a quill pen draw a line across the brass where it is to be cut. Let it dry on, and with the same pen draw over this line with nitric acid. The brass may then be broken across like glass cut with a diamond.

Gold Pens.

The first gold pens made in this country were all manufactured by hand, the gold being cut from strips of the metal by scissors and every subsequent operation being performed by hand. These handmade gold pens cost from \$5 to \$20 and were far inferior to the machine made article of the present day.

The Dress is the Thing.

"She's going in for athletics, she says."

"What particular kind of athletics?"

"Oh, she won't settle that until she has studied up the various costumes."—Chicago Post.

Too Late!

Hewitt—My wife loved me at first sight.

Jewett—I'll wager that she is now a believer in second sight.—New York Herald.

Single Blessedness.

It is better to have loved and lost than to have married on \$50 a month.

A FAMOUS PAINTING.

One Figure in a Japanese Picture Visible Only at Night.

Some of the finest Japanese paintings in Washington are in the legation building of that nation, the Japanese ambassador being a collector and connoisseur of the art of his native land. The Japanese style of painting is altogether unlike that of Europe and America, and the reason Japanese painters are able to produce color effects that are the despair of European and American artists is owing to the pigments they use, a large number of which are secret and unknown outside of Japan.

In Japan there is a very famous painting which no amount of money could buy and which is the masterpiece of a famous artist who lived several centuries ago. Viewing the painting in the daytime, one is disappointed. It shows nothing more than a very commonplace landscape, unrelieved by mountains or hills. As soon, however, as night falls one begins to realize the peculiar merit of the picture, for upon the canvas there appears a luminous water buffalo (caribou) browsing upon the grass at its feet.

The artist who painted this picture discovered a certain phosphorescent paint, which he obtained from the bodies of certain mollusks, or fish, and with which he painted the buffalo that, invisible in daylight, is luminously brilliant in the dark. The secret of making this paint died with the artist. The picture, which hangs in a Buddhist temple, has proved a fertile source of superstition, the priests claiming that the buffalo hides away in the shade behind some trees in the picture during the heat of the day, coming out at night to graze.—Washington Post.

Fish That Kill Each Other.

One of the queerest sharks is the thrasher, which has the upper lobe of its tail so much developed as to equal in length the body of the fish itself. This tail is controlled by powerful muscles and is used as a weapon. Swordfish and thrasher sharks have been seen on many occasions to attack whales in concert and kill them, the sharks lashing their victims with their tails while the swordfish pierce them from below. On the other hand, sharks themselves are often killed by porpoises, which will surround a shark and lash the enemy to death with their flukes.

Cures For Sleeplessness.

Horace in his satires recommended swimming the Tiber three times! Sir Thomas Browne was accustomed to repeat some verses of a certain hymn. Franklin took an air bath. Sir John Sinclair counted, while Sir John Rennie when engaged upon any public works never went to sleep until his head had been combed and gently rubbed by a soft hand.

Making Him Cheerful.

She was a woman who was methodical in her discipline. "Now, Willie," she said, "you have disobeyed me, but I won't whip you now because we're going to have company for dinner, and I want you to look bright and cheerful and pleasant, but after they've gone I'm going to give you the worst whipping you ever had. Now, hurry up and get dressed, for I want you to look nice and happy."—Chicago Post.

A Bad Case.

"I see that the bees have to visit 3,000,000 blossoms in order to gather a pound of honey."

"Foolish bees. One trip to my sweet-heart's lips would be quite enough."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Forewarned, Forearmed.

The liability to disease is greatly lessened when the blood is in good condition, and the circulation healthy and vigorous. For then all refuse matter is promptly carried out of the system; otherwise it would rapidly accumulate—fermentation would take place, the blood become polluted and the constitution so weakened that a simple malady might result seriously.

A healthy, active circulation means good digestion and strong, healthy nerves.

As a blood purifier and tonic S. S. S. has no equal. It is the safest and best remedy for old people and children because it contains no minerals, but is made exclusively of roots and herbs.

No other remedy so thoroughly and effectually cleanses the blood of impurities. At the same time it builds up the weak and debilitated, and renovates the entire system. It cures permanently all manner of blood and skin troubles.

Mr. E. E. Kelly, of Urbana, O., writes: "I had eczema on my hands and face for five years. It would break out in little white pustules, crusts would form and drop off, leaving the skin red and inflamed. The doctors did me no good. I used all the medicated soaps and salves without benefit. S. S. S. cured me, and my skin is as clear and smooth as any one's."

Mrs. Henry Siegfried, of Cape May, N. J., says that twenty-one bottles of S. S. S. cured her of Cancer of the breast. Doctors and friends thought her case hopeless.

Richard T. Gardner, Florence, S. C., suffers for years with Boils. Two bottles of S. S. S. put his blood in good condition and the Boils disappeared.

Send for our free book, and write our physicians about your case. Medical advice free.

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Where large ferry boats enter the large ferry slip now in use, and land passengers, freight and whole trains of cars.

Where an independent railroad system gives ample switching privileges to every industry.

Where a private water-works plant, with water mains extending throughout the entire manufacturing district, supplies an abundance of pure artesian water at rates far below city prices.

Where some of the largest industries in the State are today located and in full operation.

Where hundreds of thousands of dollars have already been spent in perfecting the locality for manufacturing purposes.

Where the South San Francisco Land and Improvement Company own **THIRTY-FOUR HUNDRED** acres of land and **Seven Miles of Water Front** on the San Francisco Bay, and on the main line of the Southern Pacific Railroad.

Where, in fact, rail, wharf and other privileges are unexcelled for manufacturing purposes by any other locality on the coast.

If you desire such a location come and see what we have in South San Francisco, San Mateo County.

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The South San Francisco Land and Improvement Company, comprising many San Francisco, Chicago and New York capitalists, created in San Mateo county a new town site known as South San Francisco. This town site is situated on the main line of the Southern Pacific Railroad, and also on the Southern Pacific Bay Shore Railroad, soon to be finished; it is also at the terminus of the San Francisco and San Mateo Electric Railway.

South San Francisco was platted as a town just prior to the great financial panic of 1893 and 1894; during all that period of financial wreck and ruin, when almost every new enterprise and many old-established institutions were actually swept out of existence, she has held her own and is to-day a prosperous community with a population of nearly **FIFTEEN HUNDRED PEOPLE**.

An extensive and fine residence district, where workingmen may secure land at reasonable prices, and on favorable terms, as homes for themselves and their families.

Upwards of \$2,000,000 in cash have been expended in laying the foundation of this new town. Most of the streets have been graded, curbed and sewered, miles of concrete sidewalk laid, trees planted along the main highways, and a water-works plant completed, giving an abundant supply of pure artesian water for every purpose. But the foundation laid in what is known as the manufacturing district of this town site constitutes above all others the most positive guarantee for the future of South San Francisco.

There is no stability nor permanency so absolute respecting real estate values, and the future growth of any community like that which is based upon industries giving employment to men. The facilities created by the founders of South San Francisco have already secured to her several large manufacturing enterprises, and will soon secure many more; this means not only an increase in population, but an enhancement in real estate values.

South San Francisco has passed the experimental stage, and is now an established town. Many of her lot owners who have properly improved their holdings are even to-day realizing from ten to twenty per cent net on their investments. How many communities as new as South San Francisco can make this boast?

An independent community in itself, with its own supporting elements, and at the same time close to the metropolis of California, and in the direction in which San Francisco must necessarily grow, already reached by some of the city's street car service, and certain to be on the line of any new railroad entering San Francisco, South San Francisco presents to-day opportunities for investment among the safest and best on the Pacific Coast.

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